Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE. MECHANIC ARTS. LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

HOMAN & BADGER, Publishers. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars, in Advance.

Vol. XLIII. Augusta, Maine, Saturday Morning, September 25, 1875. No. 43.

Maine Farmer.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Agricultural Notices.

Calendar for the Present Week.

MAINE STATE FAIR at Portland, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 21st—24th.

AROOSTOOK COUNTY, at Houlton, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 23—24.

WEST WASHINGTON at Jonesboro', Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 22—23.

PENOBSCOT AND AROOSTOOK UNION at Patten, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 22—23. Address by J. W. Ambrose of Sherman.

SOLON, at South Solon, Monday, Sept. 21.

Calendar for Next Week.

NORTH FRANKLIN, at Phillips, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29—30.

WASHINGTON COUNTY, at Pembroke, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29—30.

WESTERN PISCATAQUIS, at Monson, Wednesday an l Thursday, Sept. 29—30.

SOMERSET CENTRAL, at Skowhegan, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29—30.

KNOX COUNTY, at Thomaston, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 28—30.

CUMBERLAND FARMERS' CLUB, at Cumberland Centre, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29—30.

Exhibitions to Occur.

ANDROSCOGGIN COUNTY, at Lewiston, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 5—7. Address by D. H. Thng, esq. of Mt. Vernon.

OXFORD COUNTY, at South Paris, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 5—7.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY, at West Cumberland, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 5—7.

NORTH KNOX, at South Hope, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 5—7.

KENNEBEC COUNTY, Readfield, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 5—7. Address by Z. A. Gilbert, esq., of East Turner, President of the Maine Board of Agriculture.

NORTH KENNEBEC, at Waterville, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 5—7.

PISCATAQUIS CENTRAL, at Foxcroft, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 6—7.

SHAPLEIGH AND ACTON, at Acton, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct 5—6.

SEARSPORT AND SWANVILLE, at School House in District No. 7, Searsport, Tuesday, Oct. 5.

WALDO COUNTY, at Belfast, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 11—13.

HAGADOC COUNTY, at Topsham, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 12—14.

LINCOLN COUNTY, at Waldoboro', Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct, 12—14.

WEST OXFORD, at Fryeburg, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 12—14.

FRANKLIN CENTRAL, at Strong, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 12—13.

HARRISON AND OTISFIELD, Wednesday, Oct. 13.

ALBION AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, Saturday, Oct. 9th.

Regular Meetings Patrons of Husbandry.

Dirigo, Brunswick, Saturday evenings; Eastern Star, Hampden, Tuesday evenings; Forest, Lee, Saturday evenings; Golden Harvest, Carmel, Wednesday evenings; Northern Light, Winterport, Thursday evenings; Naples, first Friday ev'ng in each month; Queen City, Bangor, Saturday ev'ngs; Rising Sun, East Knox, Saturday evenings; Somerset, South Norridgewock, Tuesday evenings; Victor, Fairfield Center, Thursday evenings; Harvest Moon, Thorndike, Wednesday afternoons; Mystic Tie, Kenduskeag, Saturday evenings; Home, Brooks, Tuesday evenings at 61 o'clock.

Some Notes of an Eastward Trip—I.

The Outside Route to Eastport.

The idea of embarking in a sea-going steamer has to it a positive novelty, and it quite surpasses the simple act of stepping into a car and rattling away at such a clattering rate that you can hardly hear yourself think, and where it is quite impossible to engage in conversation with a friend without danger of breaking your voice. Trains pass through almost every village in Maine so often, that their coming and going occasions no comment, and awakens little interest. Not so with setting out by steamer. The wharf is alive with porters hurrying with baggage and freight, friends exchange farewell salutations, and when at length the boat puts off and the water separates us from the land, we feel that we are indeed going away, that this is certainly starting on a journey, and there is a significance to it in this direction which a dozen trips by rail could not possibly possess. So we felt, as a few weeks since, we stepped on board the steamship, City of Portland, Capt. Pike, of the International Steamship Co's line, running between Portland and St. John. As the fog shut down before we had got out of Portland harbor, there was little amusement—after the papers had been read—but to examine the fine steamer, study the passengers and speculate on who they were and where they were going. The boat is a staunch and thorough built one in every respect, manned by gentlemanly officers, and by an experienced and careful crew. The crew are organized into two sets or companies with particular stations and duties assigned to each man, and once a month they are drilled in the duties they would be called upon to perform, should an accident occur to the boat, should a fire break out, or a man get lost over-board. They do not know when they may be called upon to perform this drill, and when they do it, do not know but there is actual occasion for the work. At a given signal the men are at their posts, the use of boats, lines, fire hose and all other appliances used in emergencies are made familiar, and every man kept in regular drill for real work should it occur. While it is necessary for this to be done, it may be seen what precautions the owners take for the safety of passengers on their boats. It is needed too, we should think, for their boats are crowded constantly, especially during the months of summer travel, and unless one has made a trip in them, he can have little idea of the great amount of freight and passengers carried by this line between our State and the Maritime Provinces. A look over the City of Portland revealed her to be literally packed with freight of every conceivable kind, going to Eastport, up the St. Croix, to St. John, to Aroostook county, to Halifax and other points all over the Provinces. The passengers hardly had standing room—every inch was filled; there were those who passed the night in their chairs, and an immense "field bed" was also made for women and children on the floor of the dining saloon. In fact, these boats, besides being an agreeable means of travelling are really well appointed and well kept hotels. The state-rooms are large and comfortable, the bill of fare excellent, and the personal freedom which one enjoys, the absence of dust and the cool breezes always to be obtained on the water—make the fast going steamer a most delightful mode of summer travel.

Up the Bay and River.

All night long there was a fog upon the waters, and not until 10 o'clock, as we were scudding in between Campobello and Quoddy—the most eastern point of Uncle Sam's farm—did it "lift" so that one could see more than twice the length of the boat. But the sea was calm and we made good progress by constantly sounding the deep, hoarse whistle of the steamer's engine—which sadly interfered with the sleep of nervous passengers. At Eastport the trim little side-wheel steamer Belle Brown, Capt. Prince, came alongside and received the passengers and freight destined for Calais and intermediate points, and also for stations on the C. & N. B. Railway. Here we parted with the larger part of our company, whose faces had become familiar during the brief voyage, as they were chiefly St. John and other Provincial passengers and tourists. The sail across Passamaquoddy Bay to St. Andrews is a fine one, although the scenery in general, between Eastport and Calais—a distance of thirty miles—is not particularly interesting. St. Andrews is a somewhat dilapidated looking Provincial town, with an unfinished summer hotel, as its chief architectural feature, and is the terminus of the St. Andrews branch of the C. & N. B. Railway. Opposite is Robbinston, and at this place a small boat puts out and carries ashore one or two passengers and two barrels of flour; while at the little slip on shore a woman stands with one hand elevated to shade her eyes, as she swings a handkerchief with the other. What hearty welcomes are always in store for friends everywhere! On the passage up we had a pleasant company. Gentlemen with cases of shooting tackle and camp outfits, were on their way to the wilds of eastern Maine in pursuit of game; but however, much we admired their enthusaism, they came down a good peg in our estimation, when "just for fun," they kept killing the wild ducks along the river, as the boat proceeded. No genuine sportsman will ever indulge in such practices, just for the sake of making a sensation among his fellow passengers. The life of the whole boat's company was a young lady, who might possibly have been returning home from some boarding school, and who lived in Calais. Her praise of its beauty, its large stores, its churches, its fine residences, its "good times," were so hearty and genuine one could but admire her, and consent to be in love with Calais even before having seen it. To her eye, Calais had more attractions than Paris itself. The narrows, the breakwater, Oak Bay, the various resorts for summer pic-nics, the drives—were all described with so much enthusiasm, that a little party of four or five who were intending to stop over night there, just to see the place, concluded to remain two or three days:—but we saw them going to the wharf the next morning. In all probability they were not born in Calais. In approaching the city, the river becomes very narrow above the breakwater—some three miles below the bridge—and the channel is much obstructed by saw dust and sunken *debris* from the mills. During some portions of the year, at low water, vessels and boats cannot make the shores, and are obliged to land a mile or two from the city. Government has been appealed to, to improve the channel of the St. Croix at this point—but as yet with little success.

The City of Calais.

Calais is a city on the St. Croix river at the eastern boundary of Maine. We make this simple statement partly for the purpose of informing our readers just where Calais is; and partly to let them know, that although a border city, within a stone's throw of a foreign province, it is indeed in Maine and a part of Maine. But from its very location it is really quite issolated from the main centres of business and travel in our State; and our people generally know little of the place or its people. Intercourse between Calais and the central or western portions of the State is very infrequent, the people of the two sections being almost entire strangers to each other. Look at a map of our "great and good" State, dear reader, and take a glance over it. Let your eye run from Fort Kent to Rockland, from Bethel to Calais. Count up the centres of business, the lines of transportation and public conveyance, the range which trade and travel in different portions of the State take—and you will then understand why Calais is so little known in western Maine, why it is somewhat isolated, why communication and business intercourse with it, on the part of the central and western part of the State is so limited. All our business in central and western Maine tends towards Boston and the west. Indeed from Bangor and east of there, business and travel seeks an outlet this way. Between Bangor and Calais is a large tract of sparsely settled territory which acts as a sort of barrier to communication. With no direct means of communication, no one wishes to travel. All these causes have tended to render communication with eastern Maine a sort of periodical, rather than a regular matter, and Calais has grown up a smart, active, business place, within itself and of itself. To reach it by public modes of travel we must first go to Portland, and thence by steamer, 213 miles, or by rail from Bangor, 150 miles, thirty of which is across a foreign land—in all 288 miles. Who wonders people do not travel there oftener? From sixteen inhabitants in 1790, ten years after its settlement, Calais has grown to 5944 in 1870—while the united population of Calais, St. Stephen and Milltown is over 14,000, with a valuation of over six millions of dollars. It was incorporated as a town in 1809, as a city in 1850, and though having suffered from several destructive fires—which in some respects have not been without their benefits to the place—has maintained a steady growth, and in its public and private buildings, its streets, shipping, mills and other business enterprises gives good evidences of prosperity. Lumber is the one great commodity shipped, and as this business has been dull the past year, the wharves and storehouses are filled full of stock for which there is no sale. Some of the mills have been shut down, and the business generally, was at the time of our visit, greatly depressed.

Opposite Calais is the Provincial town of St. Stephens, noted as the guide books would say, for the number of its "gin mills," and for its free rum. But this is not all; and if bad men will take advantage of the location to prey upon the worst passions and failings of mankind—it is a relief to know that the great majority of its citizens are highly honorable, cultivated and christain people—and mingle with our own citizens in social intercourse, and in every good work which shall conduce to the prosperity and good name of the united towns; for, notwithstanding all the restrictions of nationality, the people are really one, and have a common interest in all social and friendly relations. Free rum, however much it may be abhorred by every right minded person, works sad havoc with the manners and manhood and morals of both places. Just think of from thirty to forty workmen going over the bridge to St. Stephen, every morning before work, for their drinks; and again once or twice during the day! Think of the money they leave over there which should go to the comfort of their families; think of the misery, loss of health and loss of manhood they are continually bringing away? It is no wonder good people of every name, on both sides unite together to work a warfare on the accursed traffic in intoxicating liquors. Calais has six churches, four hotels, and its schools have long been noted as among the best in the State, the people here, through the leadership of Hon. W. J. Corthell—who is well known in this part of the State, having taken great interest in all that concerns public education. We quarter for the night at a most excellent hotel, the "St. Croix Exchange," of which Mr. W. H. Young is the popular and obliging landlord; and spend the evening in reading the little book on the annals of Calais and St. Stephen, lately published from the pen of Rev. I. C. Knowlton. Every page contains facts of interest to all residents of these towns and to the general reader; and as we lay it down we cannot help thinking of how much more importance is that town, and of how much higher a place it takes in the scale of public standing and intelligence—when the fragments of its history have been gathered up, and tied together in some shape that will secure their preservation to the coming years.

About Bees.

Bee keeping is one of the most delicate branches of rural economy. He who pursues it skilfully and successfully must be possessed of a large amount of intelligence, caution, experience and a genuine love for the business. In all their ways bees are a profound study, and it requires many years of careful and thoughtful management to learn all about them—to be able to handle them to advantage and to derive from them the greatest profit. In this country but few have made a business of bee keeping, although in Germany, France and England and other foreign countries, it is engaged in largely by many persons as a leading pursuit; where it is carried on with a great deal of intelligence and profit. But with us, although few make it a leading branch of rural economy, large numbers keep a few bees either from the love for it, for amusement, for the home sweets they make, or for the profit they bring—for, even in the manner in which our people practice the business, there is generally a considerable profit attending it. It is true the business has many drawbacks; large numbers who keep bees, devote very little time to them, and do not study their habits and wants. They let them take care of themselves just as they let whatever else they have go the same way—and where such is the case, what can be expected but failure and disappointment? We have yet to learn of a single instance—and we have talked with a great many who have kept bees both on a large and small scale—where good care has been given them, and their wants well supplied, that success has not in the long run rewarded the operator. It is true bee keepers have been swindled and imposed upon by agents of humbug hives and other patent appliances and new devices made to sell; and so far as we can learn little real good or benefit has ever been received by these patent operators; but the bee-keeper who has gone on intelligently, carefully, sensibly, paying little attention to newfangled notions, has generally succeeded well. We believe in this State there is sufficient interest in this branch of rural industry, to have it oftener form the subject of communications to the FARMER, and write this mainly for the purpose of drawing out some information of a kind that will be of value to beekeepers, and of informing our bee-keeping friends that our columns are always freely and gladly opened for whatever relations they choose to send us on this subject. Formerly there were two or three journals entirely devoted to bee-keeping, published in this country, some of which we were in receipt of, but for months have not noticed such a paper on our table. We presume they are still published but we have not seen them, and their non-receipt at this office is probably no indication of a lessening interest in bee management. Let us hear from our bee-keepers in articles from their experience on this interesting and fascinating subject:—a branch of Maine rural economy, that is worthy of more attention and encouragement than has heretofore been given it.

Editorial Notes.

Mr. Charles Hallock, author of "The Fishing Tourist" and editor of *Forest and Stream*—the representative out-door-journal of America, and one clearly entitled to the honor—has just prepared and is soon to publish a book of some 300 pages, entitled "Camp Life in Florida," a hand-book for sportsmen and settlers, giving all the routes, hotels, resorts for game, outfits, general hints, agricultural resources, health topics, lists of game, fish &c. It will be ready very soon and may be obtained by addressing *Forest and Stream*, 17 Chatham St. N. Y.

We have received the prospectus of a new publication to be called Wallace's Monthly, the publication of which will be commenced in New York in October. It will be devoted to domesticated animal nature, embracing horses, cattle, sheep, swine, dogs, poultry &c. It is to be finely illustrated, and will be under the editorial management of Mr. J. H. Wallace, the noted writer on turf matters. Terms $3.00 per year, address 170 Fulton St. New York.

In our article on the State College at Orono, in the last week's FARMER, the statement "graduated its first class of eighteen the present year," should have read *fourth* class. Readers will please make the correction.

Mr. H. G. Williams of Centre Sidney, has favored us with samples of a fine autumn apple, the scions of which were brought from Concord N. H., about eight years ago. The surface of the fruit is smooth, color waxen-yellow, mixed and striped with scarlet. It has a peculiarly spicy flavor, much resembling the strawberry, and we should be inclined to say it was the Chenango Strawberry or Autumn Strawberry of the books. It is in eating here from the first to the middle of September.

The exhibition of the Western Hancock Agricultural Society—a new organization chartered by the Legislature last winter—which was announced to take place on the 6—8th of October, has been indefinitely postponed.

We trust our readers and correspondents will now favor us with reports of the incoming crops in various sections of the State. Let us hear from all portions in regard to the yield of hay, grain, corn, potatoes, fruit &c., as compared with previous years.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Notes by the Way.

Lincoln—Its Early History and Business Facilities.

Lincoln is situated on the line of the E. & N. A. R. R., between Winn and Passadumkeag. It was first settled in 1820, and among the early settlers were the Gates, Carpenters, Helsons and Hales, the most of them coming from Oxford county. Mr. Fisk, from New Hampshire, built the first mill here in 1825, on the Mattanaweook stream, on which Lincoln lower village, is now situated. This was then a dense forest, and I am told that the first settlers endured many hardships before they opened up their clearings and commenced to raise crops, but there was an abundance of game and fish on which they chiefly subsisted. The old settlers, if living, must look with pride upon their beautiful village, which contains twelve stores, two hotels, three meeting houses, two tanneries, owned by Plaisted & Son and H. Burbank, a carding mill, two grist-mills, saw mill with lath and shingle, stave and lath machines, planing machine and a spool factory, where they make spools for J. Clark & Co.'s Thread Company, and three blacksmith shops—making in all a very lively place for business.

Farms and Farmers in the Town.

There are some fine residences here, and the town of Lincoln abounds in good farms. Here is a good academy and they are having a good high school this fall. In looking over the farms in Lincoln I find the crops of all kinds are excellent, and I am told the hay crop was the best ever harvested. I have seen some very nice fields of wheat and corn, and on visiting Mr. Chandler Bruce I found him in his field harvesting a five acre field of burned land beans. Mr. B. has 25 acres in crops, five of which is corn planted on burned land, which is a sight worth going some distance to see. It looks like old times to see such heavy ears of corn peeping through the husks. Mr. Bruce is clearing up a new farm, has a good set of farm buildings, and his unirining perseverance and good management will no doubt succeed. J. C. Emerson has a very nice farm, which he is improving every year, and also has some good cattle. A visit through here will satisfy any reasonable person that farming can be made to pay, even up here in northern Penobscot, and if there was less lumbering done on these waters and more farming, it would be far better for the inhabitants; and I am glad they begin to realize this fact, and are turning their attention more to farming, with the results above reported, in part.

The Valuation of Lincoln

Is about six hundred thousand, population 1200. The town has an excellent water-power, and they contemplate building a cheese factory here another spring. The shares are nearly all taken up now, which is a sure omen of its success. This town is a good location for a cheese factory, as they have every facility for carrying on the business.

The Town of Lee

Is situated between Lincoln and Burlington, and is a good farming town. Lee village is situated on what is known as Silver Lake. While in Lee I made a trip to Mt. Jefferson with some ladies and gentlemen from Lee and Northport. This is a high mountain lying south-west from the village, and from the summit can be seen the village and the surrounding country, which forms a pleasant sight in a fair day. The village contains four stores, two meeting-houses, a saw mill, and an academy, where they are having a good school. Lee was first settled in 1825; the Malletts, Merrills and Barneses being among the first settlers. I am told when the town was to be incorporated, a man by the name of Lee said if they would name it for him he would give a barrel of rum, which offer was accepted, as the town still bears his name.

Carroll, Prentiss and Winn.

There are some good farms in Carroll and Prentiss, and also in Springfield, many of which I visited last week. Crops are looking well in all these towns. As I reported these places to some extent last year, in the FARMER, I will say nothing anything more at present, other than there are many farms worthy of note situated in them. Winn lies on the river; is not so good a farming town as some others in this county, although there are exceptions to this rule. The inhabitants of Winn in former years have been engaged in lumbering and river-driving, and the result is they have neglected their farms; but now the lumbering interest is over, and they are necessarily have gone to farming, and with generally good results. The "big Tannery" is giving employment to a large number of men, but the most of them are foreigners. One man who had been engaged in the lumber business, told me if he had only worked as hard on his farm and spent as much as he had lost in lumbering, he should have a better farm and more money than he has to-day; and there are plenty of others who can tell the same story. I am glad to see a marked improvement here in regard to agricultural pursuits. J. P. C.

Moluncus, Sept. 13.

For the Maine Farmer.

Glimpses and Gatherings.—No. 2.

Newbury Neck, Surry.

This is one of those charming spots which a visitor will not soon forget. A neck of land about four miles in length and three-fourths wide, with Morgan's bay separating it from Bluehill on the west, and Union river bay on the east, and a fine view of the rough hills, green slopes and buildings on Mt. Desert, some four miles distant—all make it an inviting spot for the tourist. An excellent gravelly road passes near the shore, which is low, with a fine pebbly beach a portion of the way, and the neat farms and farm buildings, all make it attractive.

The Porgy Factory at Bluehill Falls.

At Bluehill I find some thrifty farmers, who have a good home market for their produce at the extensive granite works. These quarries, or the Collins company, are now filling a contract for the New York bridge. The porgy works at the Falls have been doing good business, having taken 11,000 to 12,000 bbls. of fish since June, taking 3,100 in one week. The pomace is shipped to Hunter's Point, L. I., where it sells for $12 per ton, to be converted into phosphate.

Among the Hancock Farmers.

H. F. Norton of Penobscot, can show the result of well directed labor on a rocky farm. A field of heavy and nearly matured corn, well dotted over with huge yellow pumpkins, some of them near four feet in girth, show that a paying crop will be taken off. A one-half acre corn field last season produced fifty bushels ears of bright corn, three bushels beans and six hundred pumpkins. Among his stock the "Duke of Hancock" is worth visiting by those who have an eye for a noble animal. He is 3 yrs. old, color dark red, smooth and glossy; girths 7 ft. 1 inch, and is finely built. Aside from his value as a stock animal, he can well challenge the county against one equally serviceable on the farm. He has worked alone since one year old. When two years old he hauled 2170 lbs. stone on a drag, and last winter he drew up the fire wood, and in addition 15 cords for market. This summer he has hauled the manure, cultivated among corn and potatoes, and hauled in 25 tons of hay, beside serving 30 cows. Can not more of our farmers make it pay to work these animals and keep them well subdued? My friend N. shew me a bed-cord 100 yrs. old, made on the African coast from whales' sinews, by his grandfather; also an iron-wood mortar nearly as old, in which many a grist of corn had been ground, using a whale's tooth for a pestle, in olden time.

In a recent record of "tall growth" I omitted a bunch of dahlias in Sedgwick. From one bulb there were 20 stalks, some of them eight feet high, on which I counted eighty blossoms. The bulb was set June 1, and well dressed with muck from a vat which took the drainage of the barnyard.

Hancock. T.

For the Maine Farmer.

Aroostook Apples.

The apple crop of North Aroostook is a success, especially the grafted fruit. Wherever I have travelled I see a splendid show of the Duchess of Oldenburg variety. This locality seems to be the home for that handsome Russian apple. I have a few trees some eight years from the budding, which are well loaded with extra large, sound fruit, and they bear every year. I have some forty varieties that will succeed in Aroostook, and I think the time will come when Aroostook will be exporting apples to the Boston market. The farmers in this county for the past four years have been setting out fruit trees, and I am sorry to say most of them are not very promising. They stick them down in a grass field, and they are there left to take care of themselves. The mice prey upon them through the long winter, and what they don't take are bound out with grass roots, become stunted and never amount to much. I have practiced clean culture for my orchard, and plant beans and other garden truck among the trees, manure heavy in the fall with old, rotten manure and some wood ashes, and plow it in. I leave the surface clean of weeds and grass—the mice cannot live there—and I have no trouble from these pests. When I hoe the beans I also hoe the trees, and in consequence they get a vigorous growth early, and the young wood matures in time to stand our cold winters.

I have some three hundred trees in my cultivated grounds, and I challenge any other man in Aroostook or in this northern latitude, to produce a more thrifty lot of trees. I recommend trees that are native to Aroostook, or near by. There have been some trees sold by peddlers here at ten cents a root grafted. So good tree worth setting can be sold for ten cents, and a root grafted tree is not a good one in my opinion. Some fifteen or twenty years ago the farmers of Aroostook went in for seedling crabs, and supposed no others would grow. You can see them now everywhere in the country, not bearing, but dying out. To save their lives they must be top grafted with choice winter varieties, that would not succeed any other way and get good crops. I believe that is the way to raise those tender varieties. I have succeeded with my crab trees, and in a few years will reap the benefit.

I should advise the farmers to learn to bud and graft and raise their own trees. A tree that a man makes himself looks better to him than one he buys, and especially when loaded with its golden fruit. It elevates and inspires his character, and gives him confidence in himself, and has a tendency to bring him into nearer relation to his Creator, and become a more social companion to live with, and better fitted to enjoy this life.

Castle Hill. HENRY TILLEY.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter from Henry Poor.

Fall Preparation of Land--Winter Wheat.

The cogency and fitness of your editorial in your issue of Sept. 11th, must be sensibly felt and appreciated by your farming readers. The "preparation of the soil" in the fall, in order that spring sowing of grain can be done early, thereby avoiding the damps, fogs and rust of dog days and especially of late, long storms, are among the serious elements to contend against. But the sure remedy for these misfortunes are to plant your *winter wheat*, as many acres, or more than you do of spring. It ripens three weeks earlier; it gives you better bread; it is an average safer crop; it is more convenient as to the *time* of planting, (last of August); it is a much cheaper made crop, the manure being green sward land or a clover fallow, and planted by a drill or cultivator three inches deep to avoid winter kill, and about the middle of July following it is ready for he harvest.

On this point I will copy from a pleasant and esteemed communication received from Clarendon Butman, esq., Plymouth, Maine: "I broke up about 7-8 of an acre of land and obtained 23 1-2 bushels from 3.4 of an acre, the other portion being winter killed. I think it ought to be covered four inches deep." He enclosed in his letter a sample of the grain, saying it was the finest wheat he had ever seen, and I am proud to say myself, I never saw a better specimen of American wheat. I am not positive, but I think Mr. B. was one of my correspondents that sent to me for the seed in July, 1874. I advised him to show it at the great Centennial, at Portland at the great show, and elsewhere, that every farmer could take courage and go and do likewise.

The "Lost Nation" variety has taken precedence of all others as a spring grain, but the disasters of the present season attending its cultivation, as I judge from your editorial, must forthwith open the eyes of farmers to the importance of cultivating the winter variety, and in so doing every farmer is re-assured, and will have cause to rejoice. Unfortunately the season is too far advanced with you to sow now with complete safety. In this meridian it would be ample time till the 25th of the month.

Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 1. HENRY POOR.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Intelligence.

Blueberries vs Currants.

The currant worms have destroyed the bushes so thoroughly in this vicinity, that the few bushes left struggling for an existence, have yielded no fruit this season, but, as a substitute our blueberry plains have furnished a bountiful crop of blueberries the present summer. In localities where the blueberry bush is not found they may be easily propagated. An old neighbor who moved into the northern part of the State some years since, informs me that he took home a small box of blueberry turf about ten years since, and now has several square rods of bushes, affording his family a good supply of blueberries. M.

Brunswick.

Note from South Franklin.

We had a slight frost on Saturday morning, 11th inst., followed by one more severe on the next morning, killing tender vines, but doing little other damage, corn being nearly ripe and many pieces cut up, which is a much better crop than has been anticipated during the season. Grain very good; potatoes not up to the average, and apples nearly a failure. But the barns are full of hay, stock is looking well and prices ruling high, and although but little money is in circulation, farmers are in good spirits, planning their extra jobs on the farm, keeping in mind all the while the approaching cattle shows and fairs, which are indeed the farmer's holidays.

Chesterville.

The Season.

Everything is looking splendidly for the season. Such fall feed as we are now having I have never seen equalled. We are busy gathering our second crop of hay, and shall cut eight tons or more. As food for cows and to make them give an abundance of rich milk, I consider it worth more than anything else I know of, corn-fodder to the contrary notwithstanding. There is no need to raise the latter when you can easily raise the former by high dressing. W. P. A.

Hallowell.

White Pine.

Your correspondent in Winslow can obtain a pine grove either by transplanting young trees or planting the seed. The quickest results to be obtained, of course, by the former method. If he will give his full address, I will furnish him with further information. JOHN C. WHEELER.

Chesterville, Sept. 13.

The Exhibition at Corinth.

The fair of the Penobscot Central Agricultural Society at East Corinth last week, was very successful in every respect.

For the Maine Farmer.

Register of Maine Horses.

Name Claimed.

GEN. KNOX, 2d, for my Knox colt, foaled May 17, 1875, got by St. Elmo; dam, Zenobia; both sire and dam were by Gen. Knox.

Vassalboro'. GEO. TABER.

Woman's Department.

For the Woman's Department.

Theory and Practice.

"Oh! dear, I am so tired." How many weary farmers' wives are there thinking these words this Saturday night! It's kindness, at least, for editors to sit in their sanctums and gifted authors to idly stroll along the ocean beach, and in some breezy, shady nook, write us how to make our work easy these hot days in the midst of haying. "Systemize," "plan," "use more headwork" is the burden of their theme, and they finish by telling us of this and that housekeeper who has six children, as many workmen, ill health, but does all her work, keeps her house in perfect order, educates her children at home, finds time to practice her music, and maybe, write for a magazine or two, and that we could easily do the same if we would only "have some system in our work."

We wise ones know that planning saves a great many steps, but not an iota of those that must be taken to keep the machinery of a large household in proper running order. We couldn't we like to introduce some of our literary advisers into our kitchen one of these muggy, debilitating Monday mornings in haying time! I should. I would show them the remnants left of Saturday's baking, and tell them it would be necessary to prepare breakfast as soon as possible, for the men would be in before six. After breakfast I would quietly say, "now you may wash up those piles of dirty dishes and milk pails, help the children off to school, keep watch of the curd, cutting it and dipping off whey, and get the washing along as fast as you can for there will be three boiler fulls of white clothes besides this great heap of black stockings and grimy woolen shirts." They might systemize the work and it would help some, but it wouldn't scrub stains out of collars and wrist bands, empty the and get the floors nicely mopped and dried before time to prepare dinner. We would give them the privilege of making the meals as simple as their theories teach—banishing pies, &c., but they must have sufficient cooked before night for the children's dinner to-morrow and for six men folks, also, as they commence haying then in a back field too far away to come to the house. Do you believe they would much like reading Tennyson or practising anthems when afternoon came with one eye on the "riz" bread that is baking, and the other on that cheese curd? Very likely there would be a cheese to get into press too.

Have I planned wrong and crowded too much work into this one day? Let us see how it is Tuesday. So fair and beautiful in the early morning that almost unconsciously you kneel before the open window and worship Him "who is the Life and Light of all this woudrous earth we see." "Oh! how beautiful, how beautiful," you reverently whisper, gazing over the green landscape, at the river shimmering among the trees with the mist curling and lifting over it—catching glimpses of reflected moss banks in the pools made near shore—and further out, stealthy logs drifting silently by. You eagerly breath the fresh shower, cooled air that blows up from the meadows, laden with breath of new hay and drenched fields of uncut clover. For the moment you forget the cares of the day and see only its beauty. You watch the sunbeams rising above the tall pine trees on the hills, and as the rays slant downward lightening up the ranks of dusky trunks, your thoughts fly backward and again you are a mirth-loving school girl, reciting lessons with light hearted schoolmates whose bright faces grow serious as one reverently reads—"The groves were God's first temples—Father thou didst weave this verdant roof. Thow didst look down upon this fair earth and forthwith sprang all these fair ranks of trees."

As the long forgotten words float once more within reach of memory's grasp, you are roused from them by hearing Simon rattling about the cooking stove below; oven doors slamming and covers falling in his attempts to kindle a fire. You hear the teakettle go smash into the front place, a thick smoke comes creeping up the back stairs and then you know its time you are on the field. You turn away from the window, with its panorama of glory, away from the mists and river and hills and descend the stairs to make graham rolls and warm over the beans. Truly, it is a descent unless one has such control of their mind as to work—and more especially cook mechanically—be thinking of the words of some old writer or of the political questions of the day and yet, have their table innocent of scorched or water soaked food. I suspect old housekeepers have that power but not I. When I put a custard pie into the oven, every faculty is in action. I have to think about that pie alone. How to keep the oven door in the background, how to bolster it just level with nalls and splinters hurriedly picked from the wood box. But I digress. Tuesday's work drags as the heat grows more intense. By noontime, the buttery is redolent with fresh doughnuts and loaves of warm bread. You turn back a corner of the ironing sheet, use the flat iron rack for a coffee pot mat and are just commencing a lunch of cold hash and vinegar, so thankful to have twelve o'clock come and go, and no dinner to get, when there is a sound of rattling wheels and high pitched voices approaching, and you catch a glimpse of white suits and buff parasols coming through the gate as you scuttle off with the ironing sheet and coffee pot. Its four or five city cousins out rusticating. Of course you are very glad to see them and drive your tired body from cellar to milk room getting a sumptuous dinner for them as you think, but believe differently when you overhear them saying in low undertones of what "black, sticky bread country people always have," as you stand underneath them plunging your hospitable hands into brine after a floating lump of butter.

Enough of this, you say. But what can farmers wives do with so much to be done, and nobody but "me" to do it? Oh! for a mill full of factory girls to be turned loose into the farming community, then the answer would not be after miles of travel, "No, there's no one round here that works out." "I do not know of a girl you can hire;" and you wearily turn homeward. I know of what one farmer's wife has to do, and that is, "Let things go." When there's no other choice, isn't it better to be slack and good-natured than to always be scrubbing, scolding and worrying?

CLARISSA POTTER.

Somerset County.

For the Woman's Department.

The Worship of a Flower.

There was an impromptu party of friends and neighbors in a quiet little garden in this city, not many weeks ago, hastily assembled to witness the unfolding of a beautiful and fragrant flower. A scraggy, untidy cactus had been put away in an unfrequented place for the summer, and all at once, just at nightfall, some one stumbled upon it, in time to find on one of its cold, fleshy branches a large bud closely sealed down by the most delicate of crimson threads, which in a few moments slowly began to open. It was known to be a Night Blooming cereus, and the thought of its opening in season for a surprise party was at once acted upon. Messages were sent to flower-loving friends and neighbors, who came in large numbers to witness the unfolding—for it could be seen—of this wonderful plant. The beauty of its pure white leaves, the delicacy of its singular interior filaments, and its exquisite perfume, which loaded the air of the garden with its fragrance, were alike subjects of wonder and praise. And so the flower was worshipped and hearts were led in reverence to Him who made all things beautiful in their season, and who made the fairest to soonest fade. Might it not have been for such a flower Gray was thinking when he polished the lines of that perfect Elergy:—

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfashomed caves of ocean bear—
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Augusta. R. W.

Agricultural Miscellany.

The High Price of Meat.

There can be no doubt that the continued high price of meat, both at home and abroad, is beginning to attract attention, and the fact offers an extra inducement to our farmers to raise better stock and more of it. These high prices are caused of course by an increasing demand. The population of all our principal cities has been largely augmented within the past few years, and not only of the cities, but suburban towns and villages. The last census showed that we had then to feed a population throughout the Dominion of about a million more than we had ten years before. Similar remarks apply to Britain and other European countries which have now, do what they will, to import large herds annually to supply their home consumption. It is in view of this fact that a Canadian Company has recently been organized in Sherbrook, Quebec, for the sole purpose of purchasing and slaughtering Canadian cattle, and shipping the prime joints to England. That company will employ over 200 hands, and slaughter 400 animals a week. Since Confederation too, our animal exports have more than doubled, as may be seen from the following:—

Year.	Value of Exports.
1868,	$6,380,467
1869,	8,746,407
1870,	12,238,161
1871,	12,582,223
1872,	12,416,613
1873,	14,243,017

From this it may be pretty safely averred that at no distant period the value of our stock exports will be considered of greater importance than that of the exports of grain and other produce of the farm. In 1873 alone this Dominion exported 25,637 head of cattle, 5335 hogs, and 315,832 sheep; whilst the imports during the same time were 2757 head of cattle, 6000 hogs, and only 5770 sheep—showing thus a money-value difference in favor of our exports of $1,504,858, and this not taking into account at all horses or poultry, which again show a difference in our favor of $944,614. With a continuation of such a traffic—and it not only continues but increases as we observe from year to year—meat must still rise in price. It therefore behooves our agriculturists to turn their attention more rigidly than ever to stock farming. Many portions of Canada are admirably adapted to it, and with good stock, well tended and provided, we see nothing to hinder our farmers' enriching themselves and benefitting meat-hungry humanity at one and the same time. —*Canada Farmer.*

Bee Notes.

Now that the season of honey gathering is nearly over, the surplus honey should be secured; queenless colonies furnished with a queen cell, and if weak, strengthened with bees and honey. Examine all stocks that have swarmed, and if they have not fertile queens, supply them. This is determined by the absence of eggs and larvæ in the hive. All stocks should be prepared to go into winter quarters in good condition, and those which lack stores fed sugar-syrup or honey, thus stimulating the queen to lay, that the hive may be supplied with a stock of young bees before cold weather. Much depends upon the proper management of bee during this month, and bee-keepers owe many of their losses in wintering to neglect of their bees at this time, when they should receive the most judicious treatment. We quote from the experience of a correspondent of the *American Bee Journal* in dividing his colonies:

"Last year I had eighteen colonies, in large hives of eighteen frames each. I had them full of bees when linn came into bloom, and it was wonderful to see how fast the honey was stored. I extracted it twice a week (I have no doubt I might have done it oftener), and secured an average of two hundred pounds to the hive; yet, when the linn went out, the hives were full of bees and honey.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Sept. 25, 1875.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 IN ADVANCE, OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN THREE MONTHS OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Postage Free to all Subscribers.

☞ All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the name *of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

MR. J. P. CLARK is now calling upon our subscribers in North Penobscot and Aroostook County. P. O. address Riverside.

Mr. C. S. ATER will call upon our subscribers in Androscoggin and Oxford Counties during September and October.

MR. S. N. TABER will call upon our subscribers in Hancock county during the month of September.

Papal Interference.

It is one of the fundamental principles of Catholicism that the education of children should be under the charge and control of the clergy, and in all the ages of Christendom, wherever Catholicism has held sway, the Catholic idea of education has ever been strictly adhered to. And this is not to be wondered at, for it is during the tender years of childhood when the mind is pliant and easily influenced, that impressions can be made which will influence all the after life, and it has often been the boast of the Catholic clergy that if they could have the entire charge of the education of a child until ten years of age, whatever influences might be brought to bear on him afterwards, he could not be drawn away from the church. It is because Catholic children almost always make Catholic men and women that the Catholic Church has always insisted on having the entire control of educational matters.

From the time that Catholicism was adopted as the national religion of Spain, and this event dates back to the period when that county emerged from barbarism and became converted from idolatry to Christianity, the rule of the Pope of Rome has been almost absolute, and the people have been ground and enslaved by a bigotted and intolerant priesthood. The property and even the lives of the citizens have always been in the hands of the church. It was in Spain that the bloody inquisition was set up, where such deeds of cruelty were done in the name of the Christian religion as have rarely been perpetrated by savages.

By some sort of compact entered into in times past between the See of Rome and the Spanish Government, called the concordat certain concessions were made to the former which were to be perpetual. When the monarchy was overthrown in Spain, and during the brief existence of the Republic, the above conditions were not complied with, and there was a disposition on the part of many of the Republican leaders to emancipate the country from papal control altogether. It was on this account that the Pope was deadly hostile to the Spanish Republic, and continually plotted with the Catholic priesthood with which Spain is always overrun, for its overthrow, in which he at length succeeded.

Both Alphonso and Don Carlos, the two aspirants for the Spanish throne, are intensely Catholic, and it is on this account that, in the civil war which, with varied success, has been waged between them during the past two years, the Pope has remained neutral, or practically so. But recently a liberal ministry has been formed at Madrid, and the Pope has taken this occasion to send a formal demand for a compliance with the conditions to which we have already referred.

The papal circular is directed to the Bishop of Madrid, and is summarized as follows:—It claims the fulfilment of the concordat, which forbids the exercise of any non Catholic creed, requires the transfer of the superintendence of education to the clergy, and pledges the co-operation of the secular power in suppressing heretical teaching and literature. He says one of the causes of civil war is the way in which religious unity has been misunderstood by previous governments. For these reasons and in view of these consequences, the Holy See believes itself strictly obliged to present these observations to the government.

There is no mistaking the position of the Pope. If his unreasonable demands are not complied with and the liberal Spanish ministry rejects them, the blessings of the church will be bestowed upon Don Carlos and peace to that distracted and almost ruined country be retarded in every possible way. The Pope's circular is freely commented on at Madrid. By some it is condemned and by all it is deplored. Great surprise is manifested that it was sent without the consent of the King, but His Holiness probably deemed this formality unnecessary, in view of the uncertain tenure of the present incumbent to the kingly office.

The affairs of Spain do not directly concern us, and if the people of that country prefer to be priest-ridden, we have no right to interfere. But we have referred to Spanish affairs so far as they relate to the Pope's circular, in order to show that Catholicism is the same now that it was in the days of the inquisition. It is its boast that it never changes, but is the same from age to age. Wherever it gets temporary control in our own country, it shows the same arbitrary, unyielding conservatism. It is the deadly foe of our free school system, and opposed to all forms of human progress outside of the church.

THE SEA SERPENT AGAIN. The Press says that the sea serpent,—which has now become a certainty—visited Portland harbor Wednesday week for a short time, but finding the water too shoal he put back to sea again. About half past 5 o'clock Mr. John Trefethern, the well known teamster, was at work on Brown's wharf when he noticed a great commotion in the water in the dock. This dock like many others has been dredged on either side to allow vessels to come up to the wharves, while in the middle of the dock there is a large quantity of mud. At this time there was but little water on this mud as it was very low water, and the serpent, or whatever it was, appeared to be on this mud and unable to clear himself. Captain Sawyer, of the Washington Hook and Ladder Company, who was near was called, and he states that he could see something above the water about the size of a bushel basket, which had the appearance of being a part of the serpent's back. It caused a great commotion in the water, and the waves struck the wharf as hard as though there was a heavy sea outside. The water become very muddy at last, and before the men could reach the creature he was making his way out of the dock and was soon lost to sight. After the tide went out the mud showed the mark where the serpent was stranded. The mark on the mud was sixty feet in length, but Captain Sawyer thinks he was about a third that length.

☞ Three convicts, Orestes M. Plummer, common thief, Jonathan Watson, indicted for arson, and James McCarthy, for adultery, broke jail in Portland, Thursday evening, by cutting off an inch and a quarter bar and four smaller bars from the window, and dropping a distance of twelve feet to the ground. The window had a patent alarm attachment, but it was out of order. Plummer was arrested in a barn in Freeport, Saturday. McCarthy was in the barn but made his escape.

☞ The Kennebec Union Agricultural Society will hold its annual Fair at Oakland Park, in Gardiner, Oct. 5th and 6th.

CITY NEWS AND GOSSIP. The Baptist Social Union visited the White Mountains last week, and several from this city joined the party at Portland. They were at the Mountains during the equinoctial and there was no lack of water for denominational purposes.——The Kennebec Land and Lumber Company's Mill started up Monday, and will probably run for two months.——Monday morning the mercury stood at 32 and there was a heavy frost, but its effect in this vicinity, was modified somewhat by the fog. There were also frost and fog Tuesday morning.——Arrangements are being made for the next annual target match of the Capital Guards.——Game is said to be quite plenty in the woods, but it is captured only by the cunning huntsman.——Mrs. Lamb of Fitchburg, Mass., is giving lessons in the High and Grammar schools of this city, in Elocution and Voice Building; the teachers are among the pupils.——D. A. Goddard, Esq., editor-in-chief of the Boston *Advertiser*, made a short stay in this city, Saturday, on his return from a trip to Moosehead Lake.——Rev. W. H. Dearborn and Rev. H. W. Tilden, have been authorized to solemnize marriages.——The Steamer Magnet has been hauled up for the season. She has had a good summer's work.——Friday afternoon Charles Thomas found floating among the railroad sleepers in the river near the town landing, in this city, the body of an infant, quite well developed. It had evidently been strangled by its inhuman mother or father, put into a meal bag, and tied up, a brick being used as a weight to send it to the bottom of the river, but the weight was not sufficient to keep the body down.——Potatoes and vegetables of almost every kind are very low in this market. Potatoes are 35 cents per bushel, and nice squashes one cent per pound.——John Whitehouse formerly of this city, now of Sidney, aged 94 was in town Tuesday, to be examined to draw his quarterly pension. He was a soldier in the war of 1812 and was injured while disembarking from a ship on Lake Champlain. This case illustrates the beanties of red tape. Congress recently passed a law giving to all the soldiers of the war of 1812 who served 60 days, a pension for life of $8 per month. Those who were not disabled in that war are exempt from biennial examination, while those who were pensioned previous to the passage of the act, are obliged to be examined once in two years; and this old man, just on the brink of the grave was obliged to come to Augusta and be examined before he could receive his government stipend.——S. W. Lane, who moved from this city a few weeks ago, to take the position of business manager of the Portland *Advertiser*, has resigned his position, and will move back to his former place of residence next week.

☞ A correspondent (W. P.) informs us that there was a large Methodist sabbath school pic-nic in the grove near the National Military Asylum, Sept. 1. There were present two schools from Whitefield, one from Pittston, one from West Windsor, one from Cross Hill, and one from Riverside. It was a very happy gathering. The subjects discussed, were sabbath school education and its results from a moral, pecuniary and religious stand point, opened by prayer and interspered with social music. At 12 o'clock there was a basket lunch in the grove, after which, a ramble about the beautiful grounds, and through the buildings of the Asylum. All were forcibly impressed with the perfect courtesy, discipline and neatness of the institution, and the kind attention of all the officers of the Soldier's Home by whose courtesy we were admitted to, and shown around the premises. An organization was formed to perfect an association to have such a gathering annually.

☞ The Augusta House was closed to company on Tuesday last, Maj. Baker, the landlord, having given notice to that effect several days previously. The regular guests and boarders of the house, retain their rooms for the present, but are obliged to seek their meals elsewhere. An attachment had been placed on the furniture by several of Maj. Baker's creditors, and a sale advertised for Thursday of this week, but in the mean time an application having been made by Maj. Baker to be admitted to bankruptcy, an injunction has been issued by the Court to prevent the sale until further order. This action will not prevent the creditors, represented by Marshall Whithed and A. F. Emery, from re-opening the house for business, which we understand they propose to do on Tuesday next.

MAGGIE MITCHELL. It will be seen by an advertisement in another column, that Miss Maggie Mitchell the ever popular actress, will visit this city on the 23d of October, on which occasion she will appear in the character of Marie in the "Pearl of Savoy," in which she is about as well known as in her "Fanchon," and the play is almost as universal a favorite. As a vivid and natural interpretation of a really charming character, it is fully the equal of any of Miss Mitchell's other personations, and in some respects it requires more elaborate treatment than any of the prominent roles in her repertoire, save possibly Jane Eyre.

We have no doubt that on this occasion Miss Mitchell will be greeted by a crowded house.

☞ Henry L. Fuller, one of our leading druggists died Friday morning of Bright's disease of the kidneys, aged about forty-eight years. He has been in poor health all summer, but had attended to his business at the store up to within three weeks of his death. He was a son of the late Eben Fuller who followed the occupation of druggist in this city for over half a century, and died within two years. Under the instruction of his father Henry received a thorough training, and was very proficient in his business. He was quiet, unassuming and gentlemanly in his deportment, and his loss is deeply felt by the entire community. He leaves a wife and an aged mother who was a daughter of the late Seth Williams.

☞ The proprietors of Fairfield Trotting Park are to have a two days' trot, Sept. 29th and 30th, with the following purses: (First day,) purse of $100 to horses that have never beaten 3 minutes. Purse of $175 to horses that have never beaten 2.35. Purse of $50 open to 3 year old colts. (Second day.) Purse of $175 open to horses that have never beaten 2.42. Purse of $100 open to 4 year old colts. Purse of $250 open to all horses.

☞ The firemen's muster at Richmond on Thursday, was a success. Eight companies were present. In the play for the silver trumpets the first was taken by the Androscoggins of Topsham; best play 205 feet 3 1-2 inches. The second prize was awarded the Burpees of Rockland; best play, 193 feet 9 inches. In the contest between engines Torrent of Hallowell and Tempest of Richmond, for $100 a side, the Torrents won by 11 inches. Best play, 192 feet and 1 inch.

STATE AFFAIRS. The Governor and Council had a session last week which was mostly devoted to routine business. Arrangements were perfected for advertising and selling the public lands, as ordered by the Legislature. The Governor very appropriately renominated Josiah S. Hobbs to be State Librarian for three years.

☞ Dr. C. B. Lighthill, whose professional visits to Maine some years since were so successful, advertises in another column to be at the Mansion House, in this city, on Monday, Oct. 18.

☞ Mr. Badger, who is spending a few days at Rangely, under date of Sunday, the 19th, writes: "We had a furious snow storm here yesterday. Mercury at 33."

KENNEBEC COUNTY ITEMS. A reform club was organized in Waterville Monday evening. Rev. W. S. Jones is President; Rev. C. D. Crane, Secretary, and F. P. Hanland, Treasurer. It has over a hundred members.——The Mail says that about fifty students report for military drill, at Colby, and they are to be furnished with muskets immediately. This matter of drill is wholly voluntary, and can be abandoned by any one at any time. A room in the South College will be used as an Armory. President Robins is to give a course of lectures on Evidences of Christianity, and Prof. Elder a course upon Hygiene and Physiology.——The town hall in Waterville will be finished in about a month. It will seat 1500 persons.——Arrangements are making for a grand reunion temperance meeting in Gardiner, to extend through two or three days, and it has not yet been decided whether it will commence on the 24th or 25th of this month. Edward Carswell will be present, and it is expected that Gov. Dingley and several other distinguished speakers will be present, among them several reformed men. It is intended that this meeting shall be an opportunity for temperance men of all organizations to freely and earnestly discuss matters bearing on the success of the temperance movement.——Miss Clara M. Lord, daughter of Mr. Augustine Lord of Hallowell, was severely injured on Thursday afternoon last, by being thrown from a carriage while visiting her relatives and friends in the town of Readfield. One of her limbs was fractured near the ankle, and other injuries were produced by the shock.——The fifty-fourth annual catalogue of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill shows the total number of students for the year 1874-5 to have been 670.——The story and a half house of Mr. Orrin Trask, at Weeks' Mills, China, was burned to the ground Sunday last, at 9.20 o'clock. The family had retired, and the wife was awakened from her slumbers by the crackling noise made by the flames bursting through the bed room partition. A portion of the furniture was saved. By the almost superhuman effort of the neighbors, with buckets of water, the barn, which was about eight feet from the house, was saved. The fire was probably caused by a defect in the chimney. Loss $700, insured for $300.——There are fifty students at Oak Grove Seminary.——A Free High School commenced at Fayette Corner on Monday, Sept. 13th, under the instruction of Miss Eva Park of Chesterville.——The forty-fourth annual fair of the old Kennebec Agricultural Society, is to be held at Readfield corner, Oct. 5th, 6th and 7th. The fairs and shows of this society are always interesting and well attended, and the stock brought out annually can hardly be excelled. Mr. S. Kilbreth of Manchester, is President of the Society, and Mr. Geo. A. Russell is Secretary.——Officers of St. Omer Commandery, K. T., of Waterville, for the ensuing year, chosen last Friday evening:—I. S. Bangs, E. C.; N. Meader, Gen.; F. C. Thayer, C. G.; J. H. Varney, Prelate; John U. Hubbard, S. W.; J. F. Foye, J. W.; C. H. Alden, Treas.; W. A. R. Boothby, Recorder.——One cargo of ice, of about 400 tons, and three cargoes of lumber were shipped by the Kennebec Land & Lumber Co., at Gardiner, on Saturday. The ice goes to Philadelphia.——The Rev. E. Nugent of Norridgewock, is about settling as pastor of the Baptist church at Fayette Corner.——The people of Litchfield had a meeting last week to make arrangements for the annual town show. The show and fair will be held on Litchfield Plains on Thursday, the 7th day of October. All the people of the good town are interested, and a good show may be expected.

REGISTERING VOTES BY ELECTRICITY. Every one accustomed to visiting legislative assemblies when voting is going on, is aware how much valuable time is consumed in receiving, sorting and counting the votes. A recent invention overcomes all the inconveniences in registration and counting. It is an electric apparatus which at once, collects, records and adds up the votes, and presents the result to the assembly. Each side of the speaker's desk, upon the wall, is a large frame resembling a hotel annunciator, each containing as many numbers as there are members. One of these frames records the ayes and the other the noes. On the desk of each member is a knob, one for the affirmative and the other for the negative vote. Each of these knobs is upon an electric curcuit, and upon touching them the number of the member's desk is displayed upon the annunciator. By this method the members transmit their votes instantly and simultaneously, and the collective votes are at once displayed to the entire body.

The adding up and recording are performed at the same time and by a similar device. Behind each figure in the annunciator is a set of small boxes charged with wooden or metalic balls. Each of these is connected with a member's desk, and the same electric impulse that moves the annunciator releases one of the balls, and it falls into a pipe that leads to a larger box below. When it enters this box it passes and moves a recording instrument. All of the balls sent down pass the recorder and the last one, automatically, gives the number of votes cast. At the close of the vote, a movement of a lever restores the annunciator to its former position, and thus the voting may be repeated any number of times. It is a very ingenious device and if not too complicated may come into general use.

MAINE AT THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR. Maine exhibitors made a good showing at the New England fair at Manchester, N. H. last week. C. S. Robbins of Winthrop took the first premium on ten pounds of butter. The butter was made on Monday. Mr. Robbins entered it on Tuesday, it was exhibited on Wednesday, and Mr. R. received the premium on Thursday. He also received a gratuity on seventeen varieties of fruit. H. C. Burleigh of Fairfield carried away eighteen premiums on his herd of Herefords; Charles E. Shores of Waterville four premiums on Herefords; Dr. Boutelle of Waterville eight premiums on Jerseys, and first premium on Essex swine; J. & N. Dane of Kennebunk first premium on Herds; Mr. Mason of Riverside first premium on churn; Woodward Thompson of Gardiner two diplomas, one for a road-scraper, and the other for a car attachment. Maine had the honor of carrying away the first premium on four-year-old oxen, being a pair exhibited by Mr. Wellington of Albion. They are a handsome pair, and were purchased a year ago of S. P. Putnam of Winthrop.

SEVERE ACCIDENT AT FRYEBURG.—John Locke, Esq. of Fryeburg, was thrown from his carrirge last week and severly injured. He started to go in his carriage from the village to the western side of the river, and in passing over a rough place in the road the rocker bolt of the carriage jumped out of place and he was thrown out. The fall stunned him and he lay in the road some time before he was discovered. Some person passing that way found him where he fell, the blood oozing from his nose and ears. He was taken to his residence and medical attendance summoned. Later in the day he was quite comfortable, and it was thought he had received no intern al injuries.

☞ The following are the earnings of the Portland and Ogdensburg railroad for the month of July 1875: Passengers, $27,-726,25; Freight, $9,521,83. For the corresponding month last year: Passengers, $11,-605,23; Freight, $9,479,52.

☞ We are glad to know that Lee & Shepherd, the Boston book publishers, who recently suspended payment, have been able to settle with their creditors at 70 cents on the dollar. We presume they will resume their former business.

THE STATE FAIR. The Consolidated Exhibition of four State Societies opened at Portland Tuesday. They are the Maine Agricultural Society, the Maine Pomological Society, the Maine Dairymen's Association, and the Stockbreeder's Association.

The Fair opened under favorable auspices. The weather was propitious and the entries larger than ever before. On Tuesday the animals and articles for exhibition were arranged and in the afternoon three races were trotted at the Park. The first race was for a purse of $200 for green horses owned in Maine, that never trotted for money. There were five entries as follows: R. S. Chaflin, Flora Bell; C. W. Sisbee, Uncle Ben; Chas. Clark, Blackbird; James Powers, Jefferson Bill; J. W. Robinson, Stranger. The first money was taken by Uncle Ben, second by Flora Bell, third by Blackbird, and fourth by Jefferson Bill. Time—2:41 3-4, 2:44, 2:45-1-4, 2:44 1-4.

Second race—purse $250, for horses that have never beaten 2:40; $150 to 1st, $75 to 2d, $25 to 3d. The following were the entries: W. H. Irish, Little Fred; S. B. Hill, Olive Logan; W. W. Smith, Belle Smith; W. C. Mitchell, Rose Bryant; J. T. Richards, Forest King; Abner Toothaker, Troublesome. The race was won by Little Fred in three straight heats. Time—2:40 1-4, 2:38 1-2, 2:35.

The third race was for a purse of $150, for five year old class; $100 to 1st, $30 to 2d, $20 to 3d. Entries: S. A. Nye, Millinoket; S. Holbrook Highland Patchen; G. H. Bailey Combination. The race was won by Combination, Millinoket second, Highland Patchen third. Time—2:42 1-4, 2:50, 2:45 1-2.

In the evening President Prince delivered his annual address in the Superior Court room as follows:

BROTHER FARMERS:—The cold winds that occasionally come sweeping down upon us from the north, the varegated foliage, the crimsoned leaf, the absence of the feathered songsters with many other unmistakable signs remind us that another season is near its close and that the fruits of the husbandman will soon be garnered.

The season now drawing to a close has been in many respects a favorable one. Earth has not withheld a good increase, our barns and granaries are well filled, and well directed labor has been well rewarded, and we have many reasons to come to this our festal occasion with thankful hearts and bright hopes for the future. While in many sections of not only our own but foreign countries the fruits of the toil of years have been swept away by devastating floods we have reason to rejoice in bountiful harvests.

History teaches us that the degeneracy of a people is sure to follow the neglect of agriculture, hence we should study to check the impoverishing system that exists to a greater or less extent in all sections of our country, and instead, encourage a system of gradual development and improvement, seeking to clothe the earth with the fruits that have been so generously furnished us by an allwise Creator, endeavoring to rise to a higher level by educating ourselves, and children in the science of agriculture, by studying and teaching the beauties of nature, deploring ignorance and endeavoring to honor ourselves and our calling by more intelligent labor.

To become successful farmers we must be educated in our vocation, not mere theorists, but educated in the practical duties of life—looking carefully into everything intended to promote the interests of our profession, ever keeping in mind that a successful farmer must be a progressive one.

Let us not fear labor, for it is not a curse except to those that made it such. It is necessary for the development of our systems, either mental or physical. Still we should ever keep in mind the fact that labor unaccompanied by high and noble thoughts, by a desire for improvement, becomes drudgery; hence we should endeavor to invest our occupation with dignity and importance, teaching our children to fulfil the true and noble purposes of life—that failure lies not so much in locality as in the people themselves. We should endeavor to have a fixed purpose, and aim to do well what we undertake; and if great results are not within our reach be content with such as lie within our compass. If our ability and capital will not warrant us in engaging in farming on an extensive scale, let us be satisfied with more moderate possessions, recollecting that small but fertile farms, under the direction of intelligent labor, not only make much more ample returns than where much more is attempted than can be well accomplished, but is much more pleasing to the eye and satisfying to the intelligent mind.

Let us not scorn the opportunity for small but sure gains for the doubtful prospect of greater ones, nor have an over desire for wealth, forgetting the true and noble purposes of life. Above all things let us honor our profession, with progress for our watchword, experimenting carefully, and not overtasking our physical to the neglect of our mental and moral systems—study that our physical energies may be directed by a well cultivated mind, ever keeping in view the fact that life is, or must in a great measure either, mentally or intellectually what we make it. Good seeds whether committed to a well cultivated field or a well stored mind will bring forth a beautiful harvest. Ever keep in mind that we harvest what we sow.

Brother farmers of Maine, complain not of your lot, but recollect that industry and economy should be a principle not a necessity, for compare your lot cultivating, going over rugged hills, doing your part in building up a virtuous, industrious, and intelligent people, with those of the favored Equatorial climes where nature's productions are spontaneous, where the inhabitants become ever too indolent to clothe themselves, living in idleness and ignorance.

Let us thoughtfully exercise all the faculties with which we are endowed and although we may not achieve great results, nor amass great fortunes, and roll in gorgeous luxury, neither shall we be oppressed by poverty and want.

It has been well said that amid all that is bright and beautiful in nature, there is nothing that blooms with such unfaded colors, there is no perfume on earth fraught with such fragrance, as the flowers of good works. And, brother farmers, keeping this in view, let us in every department of our life's great Fair make the best possible exhibition, that at its close we may have the unbounded satisfaction that we shall receive the first prize from an all wise Judge whose judgment never errs.

Prof. Fernald of the State College then read a paper on insects.

Wednesday at 9 o'clock the society's premium for draft oxen and horses were contested for. At ten o'clock working oxen five years old and over, were tested for the purpose of proving their quality as working stock. In the afternoon trotting for a purse of $200 in the three minute class, $200 in the 2:33 class and $150 for four year old colts.

The programme for to-day (Thursday) and to-morrow is as follows:

Thursday morning at nine o'clock the sweepstakes for drawing oxen, 7 feet 2 inches and under, owned in the State, for a purse of $100. At ten o'clock, sweepstakes for drawing oxen open to all oxen wherever owned, for a purse of $200. In the afternoon trotting for $200 in the 2:50 class, and $150 for three year olds.

Friday morning at nine o'clock the contest for the society's and special premiums for plowing will take place at some point to be hereafter designated. In the afternoon trotting for $200 in the 2:45 class, a champion belt for stallions, and a $500 purse to all horses.

Farmers' meeting will be held each evening at the Superior Court room.

We shall give a detailed account of the Fair in our next issue.

The second day, Wednesday, was very cold, but with increased attendance and interest. The morning exercises at the Park consisted of examinations of stallions on the track, and of draft horses, oxen, steers, &c. There was as handsome a lot of horses as is usually seen together. There were two thoroughbreds, Gen Tilton's Sultan and A. B. Conger's Sovereign Eclipse. On the drafting of horses and oxen there were some interesting trials. A city team of two horses pulled a load of 6,793 pounds fourteen feet, at a single pull, and another span belonging to one of the fire engines pulled 5,332 pounds. Two yoke of oxen pulled 6,301 pounds.

In the afternoon there were three trots for the society's premiums of $200 in the 3 minute, $300 in the 2:33, and $150 in the four year old class. The first two were not finished when it became dark, five heats in each having been trotted. The third was won by Dr. Franklin, entered by E. J. & G. W. Lawrence of Fairfield, in three straight heats. Time, 3:16, 3:15 1-2, 3:17.

In the evening, Hon. George T. Davis delivered the annual address before the Pomological Society. Mr. Taylor of Belgrade, spoke on the best methods of rearing fruit trees, and Mr. Sawyer in regard to the best kind of fruit for culture. Remarks were made by several other gentlemen.

Editor's Table.

THE MAGAZINES. We have received the October numbers of the following magazines: Lippincott's, published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; Scribner's Monthly, published by Scribner & Co., New York; St. Nicholas, an Illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys; The Atlantic Monthly, published by H. O. Houghton & Co., Boston; Godey's Lady's Book, by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, and The Nursery, published by John L. Shorey, Boston. All these periodicals are well worthy the large public patronage they receive. They can be obtained of the periodical dealers or ordered direct from the publishers.

POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY. The October number of this periodical well sustains the character and maintains the high rank that it has already achieved. The Monthly has no rival among the Family Magazines in its specialty, and this specialty, we need scarcely say, is a most important and desirable one in every American household—embracing valuable information in American History and Antiquities, in a pleasant, attractive form, and fostering by popularizing the study of subjects which no American should neglect, and which too many have neglected. But the Monthly does not confine itself to its specialty—it successfully rivals the other magazines in the field of popular literature, science and art,

Manual of Algebra, by William G. Peck. New York: Published by A. S. Barnes & Co.

This treatise, designed for the use of colleges, has been successfully used in Columbia College, and in many Academies. As a writer of mathematical works, the author has an enviable reputation, and by arrangement with the publishers this treatise forms a part of his mathematical series.

☞ Pooler's Test Speller is a volume of 80 pages, containing the words upon which most spellers failed in the late spelling mania. The work is published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

ENGLAND ALARMED. Recent foreign despatches give a detailed account of the successes of the Russian army under General Kaufman over the Kholanders, and this victory has again occasioned a note of alarm from several of the leading English papers. For several years England has been jealous of Russian encroachments in Central Asia, and has watched her movements with the greatest interest. The war was carried on against Kholand ostensively to crush out a rebellion, but the rebellion was not against Russia, for she has no claim upon that country. The people had risen in rebellion against the reigning Khan, and the disaffection was general and bid fair to succeed, when Russia stepped in and beat the rebels and restored order. While assisting the Khan in conquering his rebellious subjects, the Russian troops occupied his capital, and it is believed in England that Russian agents stirred up this very rebellion as a preliminary step to obtaining possession of the country. For a long time Russia has been making steady advances toward British India, and whether the Russian Emperor has designs upon that country or not, the English people believe that he has, and are very sensitive upon the subject.

Under the pretext of punishing the Khan of Khiva for abuse of Russian subjects, war was declared and the country speedily subdued. Bokhara has also been made tributary to the great northern emperor, and Kholand is the only country in that direction, between Bokhara and the British possessions. If Russia succeeds in gaining a footing in Kholand, as now seems probable, her troops will stand face to face with those of Great Britain.

Whatever Russia's present designs upon India may be, there is no doubt that the emperor is determined to open a way to the Persian Gulf, and in the event of a war with England his troops could easily menace Calcutta, and it is this fact that creates alarm with English statesmen. When Khiva was overrun by Russian troops a year ago, there was a strong sentiment in England in favor of interfering, but the proposition was overruled.

The control of the Persian Gulf is a consummation long desired by the Russian government, and a position where she can so easily menace Hindoostan is what the English people do not want her to have.

THE LATEST ELECTION RETURNS. Returns from the entire State, save 31 small towns and plantations, give an aggregate vote of 110,349, against 93,205 thrown last year; an increase of 17,744. Connor has 57,872, and Roberts 53,077; Connor's majority, 4,795. The official returns show the election of 19 Republicans and 11 Democrats to the Senate, with no choice in one district in York county. The House of Representatives is complete, with the exception of a tie in Bridgton, the roll standing 86 Republicans, 63 Democrats and 2 Independents. The Democrats elect the Senators in Aroostook, Cumberland, Knox, Waldo, Washington and one in Hancock. The Republicans elect in Androscoggin, Franklin, Kennebec, Lincoln, Oxford, Penobscot, Piscataquis, Sagadahoc, Somerset, two in York and one in Hancock.

☞ And now Captain Masters of Washington county New York, has written a letter to the Troy Times in which he expresses the opinion that he met Morgan in Smyrna, Asia Minor, in 1830, and he mentions some corroborating circumstances which go very far to sustain his views as to Morgan's whereabouts in that year. His theory is that after Morgan's abuction, the Free Masons transferred him from lodge to lodge to Canada, where his life was spared on condition of his leaving the country; that he was furnished with money and secretly conveyed to Boston, where he embarked on board a vessel bound for Smyrna.

☞ We learn that Gen. T. W. Hyde of Bath, is a prominent candidate for President of the Senate. The General was a gallant soldier during the late war, and is a gentleman of ability and sterling integrity. These latter are qualities which should not be overlooked in selecting a candidate for the second position in the State government. There is only one life between the office of President of the Senate, and the gubernatorial chair, and we have sometimes thought that this fact has not always been duly considered in filling this office.

☞ At Mystic Park Friday, in the race of the 2,34 class, for a purse of $1500; $750 to 1st. $350 to 2d. $250 to 3d and $150 to 4th, Maine Slasher named by Gen. W. S. Tilton, came in second in three straight heats and won the second money. The first money was won by "Unknown," named by Harry Hamilton of Albany N. Y. Time, 2:32, 2:26 1-2, 2:57 1-2.

☞ A correspondent in Palermo (S. J. G.) writes that a man calling his name H. A. Jnoes, hailing from Augusta, has been canvassing in that vicinity for subscribers to the *Cottage Hearth*, promising a nice chromo to all who would pay in advance. After getting all the money he could, principally from little children, he suddenly decamped and has not been seen since, while neither paper nor chromos have arrived.

☞ Mr. G. Tilton of West Sumner, sends the Lewiston *Journal* a leaf from an account book kept in 1762 and 1763. Sugar is charged at five shillings per pound; molasses, five shillings per quart; rum, four shillings sixpence per pint; tea, nineteen shillings for a quarter of a pound; and other articles in a like ratio, showing that the people of those days had to pay pretty liberal prices for their goods.

Not the least important feature in Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, is the Comfort, Buoyancy and Vigor which is inspired by its use, and which is developed as the patient recovers from sickness.

INCREASE ALLEN LAPHAM L. L. D. The last earthly offices were rendered to the remains of the late Increase Allen Lapham L. L. D. of Milwaukee, on Thursday and they were deposited by the side of those of his wife beneath the mantle of mother earth. The funeral was largely attended and among those present, were the ex-Mayors, the Mayor and other dignitaries and leading men of the city. In a brief notice of the life of the deceased, the Milwaukee *News* says:

There is a void resulting from the death of Prof. Lapham, in the circle of our best men, that it will be hard to fill. People had grown accustomed to refer to him for information on so many topics that he seemed to be public property. Every new discovery, mineral, botanical or vegetable, was subjected to his scrutiny, and on his opinion hung public sentiment to a great degree. His surveys of the country, made at an early day, have been of essential benefit to the state, and upon the maps he first made were based the state maps now in common use. As an author he was known abroad fully as well as at home. It is related that on one occasion E. D. Holton, our distinguished traveler, visiting a noted scientific library in England, was shown a book with the remark, by the librarian, that here was a work which was more appreciated, there, than the work of any other American author. Mr. Holton took the volume and immediately recognized it as the work of Prof. Lapham upon the botany of his state.

At a meeting of the trustees of the Milwaukee Female College, Sept. 16, 1875 on motion of Hon. J. H. Tweedy, the following minute was ordered to be entered on the records:

Resolved, That in the death of I. A. Lapham, L. L. D., the first president, and for many years an active member of the board, the college has lost a true friend, a wise counsellor and a generous benefactor.

Resolved, That while we unite with our fellow-citizens throughout the State, in paying tribute to the distinguished scientific attainments, the eminent public services, and world-wide reputation of Dr. Lapham, we desire also to express our warm appreciation of those private virtues which adorned his life and character; and which inspired confidence and affection in all who were intimately associated with him; his simplicity, his transparent sincerity, his incorruptible integrity, his rare modesty, his fidelity to every trust, his unselfish devotion to the public good.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the press, and be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

Prof. Lapham was one of the Vice Presidents of the New England Genealogical Society, and was deeply interested in local and family history. He was of New England stock, his emigrant ancester being John Lapham an early settler of Providence, R. I., and afterwards a resident of Dartmouth, Mass. The grandfather of Prof. Lapham was one of the early settlers in Cayuga county, New York, where his posterity still reside. Here the Professor was born, but in early manhood he went west, which he has since made his home. We believe he leaves no children.

OUR GAME AND FISH LAWS. E. M. Stilwell, one of the Maine Fish Commissioners, gives through the Bangor Whig the following abstract of our Game and Fish Laws for the benefit of all whom it may concern:

Partridges or grouse may be killed from the 1st of September until 1st of January. Penalty for killing at other times, not less than five nor more than ten dollars for each bird. Unlawful to trap or snare at any time, under a penalty of five dollars for each bird.—[Revised Statutes, chap. 239, page 168, March 3, 1874.

Deer and caribou may be killed from 1st of October to 1st of January. Penalty for killing at any other time, or for hunting and killing with dogs at any time, forty dollars for every deer or caribou so killed, and dogs to be shot at sight.—[Revised Statutes, chap. 103, page 68, Feb. 17, 1873.

No moose shall be killed in the State of Maine from Feb. 16, 1875, until 1st of October, 1880; under penalty of one hundred dollars for every moose so killed.—[Revised Statutes, chap. 12, page 11, Feb. 16, 1875.

Moosehead and Brassau Lakes: No person shall take or kill in any way any kind of trout in Moosehead or Brassau Lakes, between the 15th day of October and the 1st day of March, under a penalty of five dollars for each fish so taken or killed.—[Revised Statutes, chap, 346, page 336, Feb. 22, 1873.

The close time in which it is unlawful to catch, take or kill any landlocked salmon, trout, or togue, in the St. Croix River and its tributaries, is hereby extended from the 15th day of September to the 1st day of March, during the five years beginning with the 15th day of September, 1874. The provisions of chap. 40, Revised Statutes, shall apply to all violations of this act, viz: Not more than thirty nor less than ten dollars penalty, and a further fine of one dollar for each fish so taken.—[Revised Statutes, chap. 592, page 545, Feb. 28, 1874.

No person shall catch, take or kill any landlocked salmon, trout, or togue, in any waters of the State of Maine, by means of any grapnel, spear, trawl, weir, net or seine, or in any other way than by hook and line or fly. Penalty not more than thirty nor less than ten dollars, and a further fine of one dollar for each fish so taken.—[Revised Statutes, chap. 247, page 175, March 3, 1875.

The yearly close time for taking trout in the tributaries of the Androscoggin river, above the outlet of Umbagog Lake and Sturtivant Pond, in No. 5 Range 1, shall be five months, commencing Oct. 1st and ending March 1st, during which time no trout shall be taken or killed in any manner, under a penalty of not more than thirty nor less than ten dollars, and a further fine of one dollar for each fish so taken.—[Revised Statutes, chap. 550, page 517, February 24, 1874.

The law of close time for landlocked salmon, trout and togue for the rest of the State of Maine, is from the 1st of October until the 1st of January.—[Revised Statutes, chap. 40, page 5, January 29, 1872.

Whoever shall take any black bass during the months of April, May and June, or at any time from their spawning beds, shall forfeit for each offence, not more than twenty nor less than five dollars, and a further penalty of one dollar for each black bass so taken.—[Revised Statutes, chap. 40, page 375, 1870.

THE ART OF SWIMMING. We have had occasion to record, during the past season, an unusual number of deaths from accidental drowning, and the greater proportion of them have been of boys or young men who had never learned the art of swimming. Within the space of one week, no less than fourteen such deaths were announced in the daily papers.

During the summer months children take to the water as naturally as ducks, but the art of swimming which is instinctive with animals, must be learned by the human species. It is not probable that one half of the public in any given community have learned to swim, and until the art is more generally taught and practiced, we may expect no diminution in the number of deaths from accidental drowning.

In the larger English cities an effort is being made to have the art of swimming taught in the public schools, in connection with other studies, and so far, it has proved very successful. The plan was put forth with many doubts and misgivings, but the children were very much pleased with it, and their progress has been remarkable. There is not one child in a hundred who has an average physical development, who cannot soon learn to swim, and at proper times it is one of the best exercises a child can have for developing the muscular system, to say nothing of its sanitary value with respect to cleanliness. The English plan cannot very well be carried into effect here, but it is none the less important that our children be taught the art of swimming. There are in almost every community in this State, pure streams of water where, under proper supervision, the children can safely be ex

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 22.

At market for the current week—Cattle 2880; Sheep and Lambs 11,763; Swine 6,750. Number of Western Cattle 2530. Northern Cattle and Working Oxen and Milch Cows, 275. Eastern Cattle 75.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices per 100 lbs. live weight, extra quality $7 25@7 62½; first quality $6 62½@7 12½; second quality $6 12½@7; third quality $6 00@6 12½; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c. $5 25@5 00.

BRIGHTON HIDES—7½c ₩ lb.; Brighton Tallow 6c ₩ lb.

COUNTRY HIDES—6½@7c ₩ lb.; Country Tallow 5@5½c ₩ lb.

CALF SKINS—15@14c ₩ lb. Sheep Skins 75@1 00c each. Lamb Skins 75@1 00c each.

The supply of Cattle in market for the week has been larger than that of one week ago, and the prices upon all grades have fallen off 1@2c per lb from those of our last quotations. There were but few lots of Beeves sold for more than 7½c per lb.—The Cattle trains on the Grand Trunk Railroad were behind time, and a part of the Western Cattle did not arrive in market until late on Tuesday. There were a few Cattle brought in from Maine, mostly Store Cattle and Working Oxen.

WORKING OXEN.—The supply in market for the week was not so large as that of one week ago. We quote sales of 1 pr, girth 7 ft 0 in, $180 00; 1 pr, 7 ft 0 in, $165; 1 pr, 6 ft, 6 in, $150; 1 prs, 6 ft 6 in, $140; 1 pr, 6 ft 8in, $135; 1 pr, 6 ft, 4 in, $115; 1 pr, 6 ft 6 in, $152; 1 pr, 6 ft 2 in, $125; 1 pr, 7 ft 0 in, $18; 1 pr, 6 ft 8 in, $135.

STORE CATTLE—Yearlings $11@17; two year olds $18@28; three year olds $25@35. Prices for small cattle depend much on their value for beef.

MILCH COWS.—Extra $55@90; ordinary $25@50; Most of the Cows offered in market for sale are of a common grade. Good Cows sell well at fair prices.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—From the West there was a fair supply, all owned by butchers, costing at Brighton 5½c per lb. From the North supply was larger than that of one week ago. Prices ranging from 6@6½ per lb.

SWINE—Store Pigs, wholesale 10@10c per lb; retail, 10@12c. Fat Hogs, 6550in market; prices 8½@8c per lb. Spring Pigs 14@16 per pound.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, Sept. 22.

The market for domestic Wool remains the same as noticed for some weeks. Fine fleeces are dull and unsalable except at low prices. Medium fleeces are in steady demand, and combing and delaine selections are quite firm, and all available lots have been taken at rather better prices. The sales include 125,000 lbs Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces at 44@46c per lb, including X XX and above at 44@46c; medium and No. 1 at 47@50c; 100,000 lbs Michigan fleeces at 42@43c; 20,000 lbs Wisconsin and other fleeces at 42@46c; 200,000 lbs combing and delaine selections at 50@53c, for washed, and 40@44 c for unwashed; 228,000 lbs unwashed and unmerchantable at 22@36c; 200,000 lbs spring Californian at 22@35c; 100,000 lbs fall do at 16@23c; 75,000 lbs scoured at 58@62c; 60,000 lbs super and X pulled at 38@50c; 27,000 lbs tub washed at 47@53c; 2400 lbs Noils at 62c; and 10,000 lbs sundries at 13@40c per lb.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, Sept. 22.

FLOUR AND GRAIN—The demand for Flour is dull with a limited demand for all kinds; we quote: Western superfine at $5 00@5 50; common extras at $6 00@6 50; Milwaukie and Minnesota extras at $6 50@7 75; white wheat Ohio, Indiana and Michigan extras at $7 00@7 50; Illinois and St. Louis at $7 25 at $7 00@7 50; Illinois and St. Louis at $7 25 at $7 00@7 50; Southern Flour is quiet at $6 00@9 00 ₩ bbl. for common extras and choice family; and fancy Minnesota at $7 50@9 50 ₩ bbl. Corn is quiet at 78@82c ₩ bush. for mixed and yellow. Oats are firm at 49@58c ₩ bush for mixed and white. Rye 90@95 ₩ bush. Shorts, Fine Feed and Middlings at $22@22 50 ₩ ton.

PROVISIONS—Pork is steady; sales at $17 00@16 50 for prime; $22 00@22 50 for mess $25 00@26 50 ₩ bbl. for clear. Beef ranges from $10 00@12 00 mess and extra mess, and $17 00@17 50 ₩ bbl. for family. Lard 14½@15c ₩ lb. for city and Western. Smoked Hams 15@16½c ₩ lb. Butter sells at 30@35c ₩ lb. and Cheese from 8@11c ₩ lb. as to quality.

PRODUCE—Eggs are scarce and prices have advanced. The sales have been at 22@25 per doz. Medium beans continue scarce and firm, with sales at $2 05@2 20, closing at $2 05 for new mediums; Pea from $2 15@2 30, and Yellow Eyes are dull at $2 37½@2 50 per bu. Potatoes have been in demand with sales at 45@55c per bu., and Sweet Potatoes at $2 50@2 75 per bu. Onions are selling at $2@2 50 per bbl. Apples are in good supply and meet with a steady demand at $2@4 per bbl. Poultry is firm and in demand, with sales at 18@28c per lb.

HAY—There is a steady demand for hay, and the sales have been at $21@23 per ton, for new and old, and common and medium grades range from $17@20 per ton.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.

COTTON—Sales 756 bales—middling uplands 25½.

FLOUR—Sales 15,000 bbls. State $4 90@5 35; Round Hoop Ohio, $5 35@7 00; Western $4 80@5 35; South ern $5 55@5 80.

WHEAT—Sales 183,000 bush. No. 2 Milwaukie, $1 25@1 26; No. 1, $1 35@1 38; No. 1, Chicago, $1 09@1 09; No. 2, $1 21@1 29; No. 2, Mixed, $0 00; No. 3, $1 12@1 40 Winter Red, $1 40@1 18; Amber, $1 19@1 42; No. 1, Iowa, $1 20@1 26; White Michigan, $1 30@1 40; Winter Western, $1 26@1 42.

CORN—Sales 184,000 bushels. Western 73@73½.

OATS—Sales 90,000 bushels—Western 45@53.

PORK—Sales 500 bbls. New Mess, $21 12½@21 35.

LARD—Steam, 13½c; Kettle, 14½c.

SUGAR—Refining, 7½@8; Porto Rico, @7¾; Cuba, —@7¼; Havana White, 9½.

Gold and Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.

Gold opened at 116¼ and closed at 116¼.

Money was easy at 2½@3 per cent. on call.

United States Sixes (coupons) 1881 123½; 5.20's 1862, —; 1864, 110½; 1865, 110½; 1865 (January and July), 110; 1867, 110; 1868, 111; New 5's, 110½; 10.40's (coupons), 117½; Currency, 123½.

Augusta City Market.

THURSDAY, Sept. 23.

APPLES—Common cooking, 50c@$1; choice eating, $3@1 00; dried, 7½@10c ₩ lb.

BUTTER—Market well supplied at 25@30c.

BEANS—$2 00@2 25 for Pea; Yellow Eyes $2 50.

CHEESE—New domestic and factory 12@13c.

FLOUR—Superfine to common extra $6 50@7 50; Good brands at $7 50@8 00; choice Western $8 50; St. Louis favorite brands $9 00@11 00.

GRAIN—Corn 95@1 00; Oats 70 cts.; Barley, 80c @1 00.

HAY—Sales of new hay, choice quality, $12@14.

HONEY—Choice box honey 30@35c. per lb.

HIDES AND SKINS—Hides, 6c; calf skins, 12@14; lamb skins 30@75c.

LIME—$1 35@1 35 ₩ cask.

MEAL—Corn 95@1 00; rye $1 75 ₩ bushel.

PRODUCE—New potatoes, 40 cts per bushel; eggs 18; lard 18c.

SHORTS—$1 75 per 100 lbs.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork, $28@30, ₩ 200 lbs; beef ₩ side 10@11c; round hog 9@10c; ham 14@16c; turkeys 17@20c; veals 7@8c; mutton 9@10c; spring lambs 10@11c; fowls, 15@18; geese 15c; spring chickens, 18c@2.

WOOL—Dull and but little doing. Sales slow at 25@40c.

WOOD—Mill wood, delivered, $4 ₩ cord.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 22.

APPLES—are selling at $3.00@4.50 ₩ bbl. Dried 9@12

BUTTER—Selling at 30@33c for family. Store, from 20@25c ₩ lb.

BEANS—We quote hand-picked pea beans at $2 50@2 75; yellow eyes, $2 75@3 00.

CHEESE—Factory is selling at 12½@13c ₩ lb; Vermont and New York Dairy, 12½@13.

FISH—We quote large shore $4 75@5 00; large bank $5 00@5 25; small $4 00@4 50; pollock $3 00@3 75; bake $2 00@2 50 ₩ qtl; herring $3 50@4 50 ₩ bbl; scaled, ₩ box, 33@37c; mackerel ₩ bbl—Bay No. 3 to No. 1 $7 00@8 00; Shore Nos. 1 and 2, $7 00@18 00.

FLOUR—We quote Superfine, $5 50@5 75; Spring X and XX, $6 25@7 75; Michigan Winter X and XX, $7 50@8 25; Illinois X and XX, $7 25@8 25; St. Louis X and XX, $7 25@8 15.

GRAIN—We quote mixed Corn at 80@— and yellow 83—. Oats are worth 53@56c, fine feed at $35 ₩ ton, and shorts at $27@30 ₩ ton.

HAY—Loose, $12 00@14 00 ₩ ton for prime. Pressed selling at $15 00@17 00. Baled Straw $10@12 ₩ ton for prime.

LARD—₩ Tierce, 14½@15c ₩; per keg 14½@15c; pail 16@16c.

PLASTER—White, ₩ ton, $3 00; blue $2 75; ground in bbls $5 00@5 00; calcined in bbls $2 75@3 00.

PRODUCE—We quote beef side at 9@13c; veal 8@10; mutton 12@13c; chickens 15@18c; turkeys 18@20c; eggs 30@31c; potatoes 50c ₩ bush; onions $3 00@3 50 ₩ bbl. Round hogs, 8@9.

PROVISIONS—We quote as follows: Mess beef, Chicago, $12 00@13 50; plate $15 00; extra plate $16 50@18 pork backs, $27 00@28 00; clear, $27 00@00 00; mess $24 00@00 00. Hams 14@16c.

Bangor Produce Market.

BANGOR, Sept. 22.

BEANS—Yellow eyes $2 00@3 50 ₩ bush; Pea Beans $2 00@2 50.

BUTTER—Is worth from 20@28c ₩ lb, best quality a trifle higher.

EGGS—Selling at 20@20c ₩ dozen.

HAY—Best qualities loose sell at $10 00@12 00 ₩ ton Pressed $13@15.00.

GRAIN—Oats are now worth 50@55c ₩ bush; corn $0 80@95 ₩ bush.

POTATOES—40@45 per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Good fresh beef, by the side worth 9@7c ₩ lb; round hogs 10@10c; mutton 6@8c; lamb 7@9c.

HIDES AND SKINS—Lamb pelts 75@1 00 cents each. Hides 5@5½c ₩ lb. Veal skins 12½ ₩ lb.

WOOL—Selling dull at 30@40c per ₩ lb.

☞The two hundredth anniversary of the Bloody Brook Massacre was celebrated at South Deerfield, Friday, at least 3500 people being present. The day was pleasant and all the exercises went off very successfully. The chief features of the celebration were an address by Dr. Geo. B. Loring of Salem, and a poem by Prof. Everett of Harvard College. Geo. Sheldon of Deerfield, delivered the opening address, and an ode by E. W. B. Canning was sung. The President of the day was Hon. Geo. T. Davis of Portland, Me., formerly a resident of Greenfield, Mass., one of the survivors of those who participated in the erection of the monument at the scene of the massacre dedicated forty years ago. Col. J. B. Parsons of Northampton, was chief marshal. One of the relics shown at the celebration was a sword belonging to Edward Smith of Newburyport, whose ancester, Thos. Smith of Newbury, used it on the field of the massacre.

☞Charles G. Fisher, late assistant United States attorney, was arrested Monday night on a charge of stealing the appeal bonds and papers in forty districts cases which had been appealed from the police court to the criminal court. He waived an examination next morning, and was held to answer before thg grand jury now in session. The police have not only recovered the papers charged to have been stolen, but an additional number of equal importance. Fisher had placed them in possession of another party from whom they were obtained, and the object was to realize money on them. The revised statutes provide as a punishment for such offences a fine of $2,000, or hard labor for three years, or both, in the discretion of the court.

☞The following language is contained in the New York Democratic platform which was unanimously adopted at Syracuse on Friday.

"The public credit must be sacredly maintained and we denounce repudiation in every form and guise. A speedy return to specie payment is demanded by the highest consideration of commercial morality and honest government."

THE EQUINOCTIAL IN TEXAS. The autumnal equinox occurred on Monday, and the event was preceded by one of the most powerful rain storms of the season, which commenced Thursday night. The storm was accompanied by but little wind in this latitude, and we have heard of no damage. But at points farther south there were high winds and more or less damage to shipping. In Texas there was a fearful flood, which submerged large tracts of territory, swept away houses and bridges, and left terrible scenes of devastation in its track.

A special from Galveston, dated the 18th, has the following: On the east end the storm was severest. The Texas and Gulf city cotton presses were destroyed, and also the factory's press. The street car tracks in the east end of the town were torn up and several cars demolished. The car buildings were ruined; some of the sewers were badly damaged, and some of the outer streets washed away. Many houses were unroofed and a great number of shade trees blown down. The destruction of life in the city was small, not more than a dozen being lost. Sixty men at work on the breakwater were cut off from the city, but all were saved except four. A number of wrecks are reported on the Island coast, but nothing definite is known concerning them. It is supposed not less than $5,000,000 will cover the losses sustained in the city. People whose property was destroyed are being cared for by the city. During the storm the steamship Australian, loading with cotton for Liverpool, went to sea from the outer roads and was driven ashore at St. Bernard, 60 miles west. The bark Edward McDowell, which was discharging from the wharf, was blown over on the point of Pelican Island in Galveston, and grounded in eight feet of water. The bayou steamer Beardston was driven from her dock, broken to pieces, and is a total wreck. A number of her crew are reported lost. Dr. H. W. Peet, health officer of the fort, was at quarantine station with his family. On the evening of the 15th he sent his family to the city, except a little grandson. On the evening of the 16th the storm increased, and the water rose rapidly, carrying buildings, and the last seen of Dr. Peet and the little boy they were in the old fort, a short distance from the quarantine station.

At Hempstead three churches were blown down, and other damage done. Bayou City presents a scene of devastation. Merchants and others suffered very heavily. Between seven and eight o'clock Friday, the lower portion of the Houston Compress, including the office, was washed away and lodged against the railroad bridge over White Oak Bayou. At the new Compress the destruction is much greater than at first reported, and is said to be a total loss. A great portion of the ten foot brick wall enclosing the press is down, with an equal amount of the cotton sheds. The central railroad track leading to the compress is broken and under water in several places. At Brownville, Corpus Christi, Indianola and other coast towns, the loss is estimated at $10,000,000. At Morgan's Point, Thursday night, two dredges and two barges were driven ashore. Morgan's despatch tug, Lama, after striking a pile, drifted in the bay and sunk. During Friday, the boat and the sleeping boat were driven ashore. A dump scow and flat, with an engine on board, and another with a pile-driver, also went ashore. Three houses were swept away at Morgan's Point. At Hog Island three dwellings and a store were swept away and totally lost, but no lives are reported lost at this point. At Spillman's Island two houses were destroyed, but no lives were lost. At Baytown, West's store and dwelling house were destroyed. Mr. West and family have not been heard from, and are supposed to be drowned.

Telegraph communication with Galveston is still interrupted. A steamer arrived Monday at Brashear, bringing passengers and files of Galveston papers to the 18th. They contain long accounts of the storm, accidents, &c. The storm was very severe. Passengers report that from one-half to three-fourths of Galveston Island was submerged.

We have presented only a few of the details of this great calamity, but enough to give some idea of the fearful ruin wrought by the wind and the rain. The flood has been one of the greatest ever known in that region, and in addition to the loss of property and life occasioned by it, the subsidence of the waters in the cities and the surrounding country, will naturally be followed by typhoid and other fevers consequent upon the exhalations of decaying animal and vegetable matter. It is to be hoped, however, that the injury to the crops will not be serious, and bad as the disaster undoubtedly is, there is ground for belief that it will not check the growing enterprise and prosperity of the section of the country which has suffered from it.

A Galveston special says: The storm was a regular cyclone, but the wind was not very heavy, though the water was higher than during the great storms of 1867 and 1811. A committee has been organized for the relief of the sufferers, who are principally residents on the Gulf side and bay shore. All the telegraph lines have been down until Saturday. The storm extended to Hempstead, on the Texas Central and Willis, on the Great Western roads, doing damage along the entire route, including the city of Houston.

A Morgan steamship has just arrived at Galveston, and reports the town of Indianola, Texas, almost entirely destroyed. The lighthouse, wnarves and nearly every house are swept away, and 100 to 150 lives lost. The steamer could find no place to land her cargo.

A dispatch from New Orleans says the town of Matagorda is swept away. Only two houses remain standing. The town of Cedar Lake is washed away and all the people are lost. Several despatches from Houston, Texas, state that there is already considerable suffering in Galveston among the poor, and that a committee of relief has been formed with the Mayor of Galveston as chairman. Assistance is asked from all parts of the Union. Clothing, blankets and provisions can be sent by the steamers of the Mallory line, and money by Adams Express free.

The following is the latest dispatch from Galveston: There is death and destruction all around us. Houses were crushed to the ground, and others swayed round and leaned over. The wind dying down and the water disappearing from the streets, those that could sallied out to learn the news. bodies of men, women and children were found in all directions. Police and guards were organized, and search was made for missing relatives and friends. How many have lost their lives in this fearful storm it is impossible to learn. Up to this time 60 or 70 bodies have been found and buried. Women were found, and men also. miles away, who had floated off on doors or anything else they could get hold of. Some were beneath the roofs, carried away to long distances. The escape of so many of our citizens is almost miraculous. The search for bodies is still going on, but the number of human beings lost will never be known, as there were a large number of strangers in town. We estimate the number of lives lost at 150.

☞Inventors are generally supposed to die poor, some one else reaping what they have sown. An exception to this supposition is the case of Singer, the sewing machine man. His will, just admitted to probate, disposes of $13,000,000 worth of property. While every inventor should be awarded his just dues, it is a question whether this inventor was not considerably overpaid for wares largely disposed of to the poorer classes. Any way, after one man had made so much out of the sewing machine it should become public property. So Congress thought, last winter, when it refused to grant extensions of sewing machine patents.

☞Connecticut's panel for the memorial monument, to be erected at Plymouth, Mass., in commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims, will contain the figures in half life size of Elder Brewster, Miles Standish, and Gov. Carver.

Foreign News.

Great Britain.

London, Sept 16. The Globe has reason to believe that the Lords of Admiralty contemplate a cruise for the inspection of the Government at Malta. The Navy Yards of France and probably those of Italy will be visited.

The following are the latest official returns in regard to the foot and mouth disease during the week: There have been 4426 additional cases in Kent, 16,080 in Dorsetshire, 11,095 in Gloucestershire, and 5000 in Oxfordshire. The scourge seems to be spreading in those counties, as well as in Staffordshire, Wiltshire, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire and Norfolk, with great rapidity. In Sussex, however, the disease is abating. There has been only a small proportion of deaths from the beginning.

London, Sept. 20. The Richmond Iron Works at Stockton-upon-Tees, comprising 26 furnaces and rolling mills, employing 300 hands, has suspended. The concern is insolvent.

London, Sept. 21. The Globe regrets to learn that the disadvantages suffered by the British engaged in the Newfoundland fisheries as compared with Frenchmen have in no wise abated the present season. The officers of French cruisers protecting French interests have assumed a very high tone in their rights thereabouts.

France.

Paris, Sept. 16. Thiers and Gambetta held a lengthy conference yesterday and have agreed on a common programme for the next session of the National Assembly and the next election.

Paris, Sept. 17. The Bien Public, the organ of Thiers, admits the correctness of the following: During Thier's interview with Gortschakoff the conversation related to the chances favorable to the maintenance of peace. Gortschakoff especially feared France would yield to the clerical reaction. He thought the solution of the Eastern question would not be immediate, but would eventually consist in the granting of an autonomy to Bosnia and Herzegovnia under Arch Duke Salvador or Server Pasha.

Paris, Sept. 21. The Courier de France states that the Cabinet have unanimously resolved to propose the abolition of the system of voting by departments. The Courier anticipates in consequence the overthrow of the Ministry in November.

Germany.

London, Sept. 17. The Pall Mall Gazette publishes a special telegram from Berlin in which it is stated that the Ultramontane majority in the Bavarian Diet are preparing to censure the Government by vote. They will ask the King to change his Ministers, because they do not possess the confidence of the people.

Spain.

Paris, Sept. 21. It now seems that only 800 Carlists entered France, and these by the Gavernie valley.

Madrid, Sept. 21. Reinforcements to the number of 18,000 will go to Cuba by the 15th of November.

Turkey.

New York, Sept. 17. A dispatch from Vienna says advices from Bosnia state that the rising against the Government has been renewed. An engagement has taken place on the banks of the river Starte, in which the insurgents were almost annihilated.

Vienna, Sept. 19. An insurrection has broken out at Tiskorre, near Arachowo.—The insurgents burned a Turkish guard-house, the garrison of which fled. The insurrection is said to be spreading in Western Bosnia, and it is rumored that preparations have been made for a general rising in Bosnia.

Kragujwarts, Sept. 20. In compliance with the desire of Prince Milan the deliberations of the committee appointed to consider the address in reply to his speech will be submitted to the Chamber of Deputies in secret session. The debate in the Chamber will also be kept secret. It is not yet known what will be the tone of the address.

Servian newspapers say that the Government has a note from the Sublime Porte asking if Turkey may rely upon the maintenance of Servian neutrality. The Servian Government has not yet replied.

Kragujowats, Sept. 20. Advices from Bosnia report an engagement yesterday between 2500 insurgents and a Turkish brigade, which resulted in the retreats of the Turks. The insurrection continues to spread.

The Dominion.

Montreal, Canada, Sept. 16. The Prohibition Convention, after sitting all day in discussion, adopted resolutions to the effect that in view of the unsatisfactory working of the license regulation, nothing short of entire prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage will be satisfactory to the Convention; that Parliament be urged to enact such a law, subject to ratification by public vote. Two hundred and eighty-five delegates were reported present. There was a grand mass meeting in Victoria Hall tonight.

Quebec, Sept. 18. The gale which began Thursday night continued unabated Friday. Considerable damage was done to the shipping, especially small craft in the St. Charles, where a schooner and a barge laden with flour, sank. Much damage was done in timber coves. Reports from the snipping below Quebec are anxiously looked for. The weather is usually cold, with rain, occasionally accompanied with snow.

Cuba.

New York, Sept. 20. The Commercial Advertiser has the following: "St. Thomas, Sept. 20. An expedition was successfully landed in Cuba by the Uruguay, late the Octavia. At the same time General Aquilera landed from the Jamaica. The expedition landed two batteries, 1500 stand of arms and 500,000 cartridges. A party of forty men and officers had the munitions in charge, and they were received by the Cuban forces."

Porto Rico.

New York, Sept. 16. Puerto Plata dates of the 27th ult, state that the revolutionary movement under Gomez at Laregа a short time ago was promptly suppressed and Gomez fled to the woods. It is rumored that ex-President Baez, who is residing in Porto Rico, is working hard to bring about a revolution against Gonzales. It is asserted that the authorities of Porto Rico are giving them a helping hand, as they are under the impression, created by Baez, that the Government of the Republic is assisting the Cubans, residing here, against the Spanish authority in Cuba. That, however, is false. The only privilege the Cubans have is to write freely, the press being free. Transactions in tobacco are limited, owing to the low prices in Europe.

FIRE IN BOSTON About 2 o'clock Friday after noon fire was discovered in the fifth story of the immense whole sale dry goods house of Jordan Marsh &Co., fronting Summer street Boston, having started in a mysterious manner in a quantity of cotton batting. The fire brigade of the firm attempted to quench the flames, but the pumps failed and a quarter of an hour elapsed before the fire department was called. In the meantime the flames filled the upper story and the situation had become so serious that three alarms were sounded. In about an hour by extreme effort the flames were controlled, though the entire building, containing a million of property. was flooded. The elevators fell during the fire and threatened to ignite the lower stories, but this was fortunately prevented. Stores in the immediate neighborhood were closed on the breaking out of the fire and all possible assistance rendered by the clerical forces. The loss on the stock under the circumstances cannot be correctly estimated, but careful estimates place it at about $150,000. Of this there is an assurance of over $400,000, distributed among 75 companias. The retail branch of the firm on Washington street being separated by the courtway was not injured, though some excitement prevailed among the customers and it was speedily closed.

TRADE AND BUSINESS.—The Boston *Globe* in its City article has the following with regard to trade prospects: We hear on every side good reports about the opening of the fall trade. There is nothing of a "rush" in any department, but there is a steady improvement in nearly every class of business. On the whole, the prospect ahead is really quite assuring. In New York it is said, on the authority of leading firms, that business has opened in a more encouraging manner than was anticipated. The Tribune reports that sales are going on steadily, though buyers are cautious, being careful not to become the least overstocked. The Eastern business in dry goods and some other lines is stated to have been somewhat better than trade with some other parts of the country; but the Western and Southern buyers are taking a fair share of goods. More activity is certainly indicated this fall than prevailed the last, and we seem to have at last turned the corner and entered upon the way that leads to a healthful revival of trade.

☞A San Francisco despatch says the meeting of the friends of Ex-President Ralston last week, was one of the largest held in that city for many years. Col. William H. Barnes delivered a warm eulogy upon the life and services of Ralston, and resolutions were adopted condoling with the family of the deceased, and claiming that the city had in his death sustained an irreparable loss. Two of the resolutions condemn the course of two of the city newspapers towards the deceased, and recommend the withdrawal of patronage by the citizens.

A RAILWAY NUISANCE. There are few persons who have travelled much by railroad, who will not fully appreciate the following from a recently published letter by Bayard Taylor;

For the past five years I have been waiting for the impatience of our public to culminate in some revolt against an annoyance so small that my mention of it may possibly provoke a sneer—but the endurance still continues. Would any other people in the world quietly bear to have every ten minutes a Day's Doings spread over their laps, a novel of Miss Braddon hung upon them, a package of nasty "prize candy" given to their charge, a box of withered figs, a paper of peanuts or pop-corn or maple sugar thrust into their hands, "ivory that grows upon trees" stuck under their noses—but go on with the catalogue? Everybody who travels knows the nulsance; every lady who takes a fleeting nap, even in a Pullman Palace car has been rudely awakened by a greasy novel flung upon her bosom; every gentlemen has been blackguarded for allowing his precious package of prize candy to drop upon the floor. I once heard the gentle priest of a lady, but the young ruffian answered: "You needn't be afraid of 'em—they won't bite you!" In fact, since the fellows are licensed by the railroad companies, they have a certain protection, and consider themselves justified in their treatment of passengers, who must be bullied into buying. I am not surprised at them; but the abject submission of their victims is an ever renewed marvel.

☞A decision of much importance to fire underwriters was lately rendered in New York. It appears that a policy was issued by a company in New York City, based on a survey of the premises forwarded to its office. Additional insurance was obtained on the same property in several other companies, all the policies referring to the survey on file in office of the first company. The insured contended that he was not bound as to any companies other than the first by the truthfulness or otherwise of that document. But the court held that his acceptance of the policies based on the survey obligated him as to its correctness in all. The representations of the insured to one office where the insurance is distributed may by reference be made equally binding on all other contracts issued.

☞The trial trip of the fast mail train from New York to Chicago is reported a success, the train reaching Chicago in twenty-four hours from Philadelphia and Baltimore, and twenty-four and a half from Washington. This is said to be four hours faster time than any on record.

Special Notices.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION, COUGHS AND COLDS.

The great virtue of this medicine is that it ripens the matter and throws it out of the system, purifies the blood, and thus effects a cure.

SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, &c.

The Tonic produces a healthy action of the stomach, creating an appetite, forming chyle, and curing the most obstinate cases of indigestion.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT, &c.

These pills are alterative, and produce a healthy action of the liver without the least danger, as they are free from calomel, and yet more efficacious in restoring a healthy action of the liver.

These remedies are a certain cure for consumption, as the Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, create a healthy bile, and remove all diseases of the liver, often a cause of Consumption. The Sea Weed Tonic gives tone and strength to the stomach, makes a good digestion, and enables the organs to form good blood; and thus creates a healthy circulation of healthy blood. The combined action of these medicines, as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption, if taken in time, and the use of the medicines persevered in.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed. Schenck's medicines for sale by all Druggists.

RETURNS TO AUGUSTA !

DR. C. B. LIGHTHILL,

Who in 1861 and 1862 and again in 1867 and 1868, practiced his profession in Augusta and Maine, with such brilliant success, will again be at the

Mansion House, Augusta,

FOR A SHORT TIME,

Commencing Monday, Oct. 18, '75.

TREATING SUCCESSFULLY

Deafness, Blindness & Catarrh

And all Diseases of the

Eye, Ear, Throat, Lungs, Liver and Kidneys,

The afflicted will do well to call at once as consultation will be free. 43tf

Trust to the efficacy of *Hunt's Remedy*. It will remove dropsy, Bright's disease, kidney, bladder and glandular complaints, diabetes, gravel, incontinence, secretion of urine, mental and physical debility, female weakness, pain in the back and loins, general prostration, encourage sleep, create an appetite and brace up the enervated system, and renewed health will be the result.

PURE MEDICINES.—The public are hereby cautioned against impure medicines, as every artifice is being practised to imitate upon the sick. Dealers in medicines especially, are warned against selling an imitation of "L. F." Atwood's Bitters, but up in the same style of bottle. The true article has the signature of "L. F." Atwood, as well as the trade mark L. F. in Red Ink, large letters.

N. B.—Parties aiding the sale of the imitation are liable to immediate arrest. 21tf

Confessions of a Victim !

Published as a warning and for the benefit of Young Men and others who suffer from Nervous Debility, Loss of Manhood, etc., giving his rules of Self-Cure, after undergoing much suffering and expense, and mailed free on receiving a post-paid directed envelope. Address NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, P. O. Box 153, Brooklyn, N. Y. 6m31

PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PYLE. None genuine without. 1y30

FIRST GRAND EXPOSITION of the Tradesmen's Industrial Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa., opens Oct. 7, closes Nov. 6. Address A. J. Nellis, Pres. T. I. I. 2142

Married.

In Augusta, Sept. 14, Joseph Clark of Boston, Mass., to Florence M. Tibbetts; Sept. 15, John Carr of Jamaica Plain, Mass., to Charles E. Hamilton of Boston, Mass., to Helen Greely; Sept. 16, Sumner D. Corey of Plainsfield, N. H., to Retta H. Kingsbury.

In Addison, Sept. 6, Warren C. Worster of Columbia, to Annie M. Cummings.

In Bowdoinham, Sept. 9, John H. Landon of Boston, to Jenny C. Maynard.

In Brunswick, Aug. 17, Edward C. Jones to Sarah J. Robeson.

In Bath, Sept. 18, Enoch Y. Shaw to Carrie C. Chandler, both of Auburn.

In Bristol, Sept. 13, Frank J. Bowman to Josephine Brewer of Boothbay.

In Baddeford, Sept. 11, John W. Arnold of Brunswick, Ga., to Florence A. Getchell.

In Bridgton, Sept. 11, John C. Pillsbury of Fryeburg, to Maria P. Sawyer.

In Bangor, Sept. 16, Walter Philbrook, of Saugatuck, Mich., to Abby C. Ladd.

In Bingham, Sept. 12, Thales Spaulding to Mary Mooney.

In Burnham, Aug. 30, J. W. Emery of Walnut, Ill., to Judith S. Dodge.

In Boston, Aug. 24, Robert A. Elder of Boston, to Ida Burns of Calais.

In Berry, Mass., Sept. 16, Mark W. Dearborn of Exeter, N. H., to Elva M. Wonson of Limington.

In Chesterville, Floyd Walker of Jay, to Eliza E. French.

In Calais, Aug. 28, Stephen G. Ford to Lettie Barber.

In Dassel, Minn., Aug. 22, L. Everett Crocker formerly of Machias, to Martha H. Thurin of Atwater, Minn.

In East Machias, Sept. 2, Reuben N. Frost of Northfield, to Annie Grover of Crawford.

In Falmouth, Sept. 26, Wm. Maskill of Portland, to Amanda Tuttle.

In Fryeburg, Sept. 15, Geo. A. Roles of Ossipee, N. H., to Ella Cornell of Boston.

In Farnham, P. Q., Sept. 7, Eugene W. Johnson, M. D., to Susie Goddard.

In Gardiner, Aug. 28, R. P. W. Dunlap to Evelyn E. Banks of Brunswick.

In Hallowell, Sept. 15, George F. Jones to Julia F. Crowell.

In Hebron, Sept. 14, Luther S. Crane of Fayette, to Cora F. Bonney.

In Kennebunkport, Sept. 15, C. Albert Grant to Kate Maling.

In Lewiston, Sept. 15, Geo. M. Cooke to Susan J. Longley; Sept. 16, Asa S. Parker, esq., to Mrs. Sarah B. Parker, both of Skowhegan; Geo. H. Porter to Mrs. Clara A. Warren.

In Livermore, Sept. 13, Chas. W. Morrell to Christiana V. Hallowell.

In Machias, Aug. 28, Wm. Mahony of Portland to Rosa Howe.

In Machiasport, Sept. 1, Julian V. Foster of East Machias, to Alice H. Beverly of Whiting; Aug. 28, Chas. W. Small to Mrs. Emeline Miller.

In Midland City, Mich., Sept. 1, E. O. Loukes of Malone, N. Y., to Ida M. Pisk of Sebec.

In North Vassalboro', Sept. 1, Rev. F. J. Bicknell of Milo, to Helen M. Crowell of Waterville.

In New London, N. H., Sept. 14, Henry H. Hutchinson to Sophia Jordan, both of Biddeford.

In Oxford, Sept. 5, Wasia S. Gowell to Emma Rich.

In Portland, Sept. 15, Chas. J. Chapman to Annie D. Hinds; Geo. O. Gilpatrick of Whiting, to Minnie Barker; Sept. 16, Thos. H. McGinley of Standish, to Lizzie S. Hanscom of Buxton: Wm. E. Follett to Nora A. Edds.

In Paris, Sept. 7, Clinton Howe of Sumner, to Mrs. Sarah C. Barrows of Rockland.

In Phillips, Sept. 12, Raymond C. Ross to Xarissa Brick of Avon.

In Pittsfield, Sept. 2, Joseph P. Thompson to Martha A. Brown; Sept. 12, Zelotus D. Lancaster to Amanda A. Patten; George F. Goodwin to Mary E. Murry, both of St. Albans.

At Peak's Island, Sept. 18, Capt. Isaac C. Morse to Mrs. Mira A. Patterson, both of Portland.

In Presque Isle, Sept. 13, Carroll E. Leavitt to Emma E. Moody, both of Perham.

In Plymouth, Wis., Sept. 9, Wm. H. Brasier of Milwaukee, formerly of Portland, to Alice J. Bagley.

In Rockland, Sept. 1, Frank M. Knowlton to Maggie Riley; Sept. 15, Rev. A. N. Wood of China, to Ella V. Hatch.

In Skowhegan, Sept. 18, Wm. R. McClellan of Greeley, Col., to Eliza F. Fulsom.

In South Woodstock, Sept. 1, A. Judson Curtis of West Paris, to Eva L. Andrews.

In San Francisco, Cal., July 5, Thaddeus A. Orcutt, formerly of Franklin, to Emma A. Blessett, of Knappton, Wash. Ter.

In South Durham, Sept. 18, by Geo. C. Crawford, esq., Wm. Campbell to Sarah A. Hawkes.

At Tenant's Harbor, Edwin S. Kalor to Dora Clark.

In Vienna, Sept. 18, Samuel W. Boyd to Annie Dodge of Readfield.

In Vassalboro', Sept. 20, by Rev. Dr. Adams of Winslow, Charles L. Bramen of Quincy, Ill., to Mrs. Barzie E. Davenport.

In Wayne, Sept. 15, Percy H. Russell to Emma Burgess, both of Dexter; Sept. 18, George R. Irvine to Matilda J. Fuller, both of Fayette.

In Woodstock, Sept. 1, A. J. Curtis of West Paris, to Eva L. Andrews.

Died.

In Augusta, Sept. 17, Henry L. Fuller, aged 48 yrs; at the Insane Asylum, Farnham Richards of Lincolnville, aged 56 years; Sept. 15, George W. Jones, aged 47 years; Sept. 16, Lydia D. Hoxie, aged 55 years; Sept. 22, Louise, wife of Arthur D. Locke, aged about 44 years. Her funeral will take place at St. Mark's church, on Friday, Sept. 24, at 3 o'clock P. M.

In Appleton, Sept. 21, Almeda, w

Poetry.

The Origin of Maize.

In the days when the grand old woods untamed
Stood eons in the sunset red,
Or besprinkled the rushing floods untamed
With the bloom of their summers dead,
Lived a maid in a hunter's lodge, as fair
As a flower o' the forest rude,
And as free as the free, untrodden air
Of its infinite solitude.

But a spirit, whose haunt was the river shore,
Oft caressing her slender feet,
Stole a glance at the beautiful face bent o'er
The purest of his winding sheet;
And so limpid the depth of those dark eyes
Whence her innocent soul outshone
That the god of the stream desired, with sighs,
That the maiden might be his own.

Then he twined o'er his brow the dripping weed
And the mariner lily fair,
And in desperate mood for love's mad need,
Up arose from his watery lair.
Like a startled gazelle the maid leaped back
'Neath the fluttering forest's wing;
With the flight of a fawn, when fierce hounds track,
She escaped from the flood's bold king.

But the sons of the gods are fleeter far
Than the daughters of mortal kind;
With the rush of a meteoric star
He surmises, and she flies like wind.
Now a bend of the stream her eyes deplore—
In her path is the watery death;
Close behind is the god. O fatal score!
On her face lies chill, damp breath.

With a panting of prayer, "Great Manitou,
Hasten to deliver!" she pleads;
Then, with sudden-born impulse, swift she flew
To a bower of ripe reeds;
And their tremulous stems about her bound,
As if swept in a whirlwind storm;
And behold! in their light caresses wound,
She is changed to another form.

She is rooted in earth, her rare round arms
Into tapering leaves are grown,
And a proud plumed stalk, her heart yet warms,
Like a princess the reeds enthrone.
Fine silk are her hair, her sheaves round the pearls
Flashed out from her smile of scorn,
Now the kernels of snow, the milk-set whoria,
Of a beautiful ear of corn.

Thus arrested, the god his chaplet flings
To the waves of his subject stream—
How, to mockery broken, its current sings
Of his broken, delusive dream!
Then the passionate spirit, foiled, betrayed,
In dissolving tide into dew-fine sprays,
To adorn with a crown of tears the maid
Metamorphosed to graceful maize.

* * * * * * *

And as long as the rivers scorn the chain
Of a future of Yeuguee kings,
And as long as the pale moon's wax and wane
O'er the wild of the "shadowing wings,"
When the moccasined foot of the red man strays
By the sounding fields unfurled,
Will he liken the rustling leaves of maize
To the sight of a timid girl.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Our Story Teller'

Miss Burke.—My Curious Companion.

"WANTED, by a young married lady, a companion to reside with her during her husband's absence in India. A liberal salary will be given, with every home comforts to any one suitable. Apply personally, if possible, at No. 340 Upper Barkely Street."

W.

The foregoing advertisement was dispatched by me after considerable cogitation, and I awaited the results of it with some anxiety.

My husband, Major Conyers, had been suddenly ordered to India; and having no sister nor any available cousin, whom I could invite to stay with me during his absence, I thought a companion was the best thing with which I could provide myself; accordingly I indited my small paragraph, which I had the satisfaction of seeing placed in a very conspicuous part of the paper on the morning after I sent it. I lived in London, consequently felt certain that the personal interview would be easily managed; but I had committed an error in not naming an hour, and, from eleven in the forenoon until quite late in the day, the applications for a personal interview with my unfortunate self never ceased. The first arrival was a very handsomely dressed lady of about fifty, who came, evidently, quite prepared to enter upon her duties at once, and quite overpowered me with a series of questions and statements, without giving me the faintest chance of making inquiries myself. She had lived with Lady This and the Honorable Mrs. That, and one and all had treated her like a sister—she felt certain I should do the same—indeed, she quite knew me, already. Home comforts were exactly what she cared for; as to salary, it was no object to her—a hundred a year was all she asked, though dear Lady Golding had said she was never to take less than two.

"I am afraid," I put in at this juncture, "that even one hundred is beyond what I intend to give, and I live so quietly that—"

"We won't quarrel about salary," interrupted my would-be-companion; "and as to quietness, it is just what I want."

A peal at the door-bell emboldened me to still greater determination, so I replied very resolutely, I do not think we should suit; I am sorry you have had the trouble of coming."

"So am I," she rejoined, dryly; "but one ought not to trust to advertisements."

Hardly noticing my 'good morning' she got up and flounced down stairs, evidently in great wrath at her rejection.

"Another lady to see you, ma'ani," announced my parlor maid.

A very quiet, sweet-looking little person came forward, and at the first glance I fancied I had found a suitable companion. But alas! her story was a sad one, and there were reasons which rendered it impossible for me to avail myself of her society. She was married. Her husband was a hopeless invalid, and they were very poor. She had not been educated highly enough to be a governess, and when she saw my advertisement, she fancied, if the salary was good, she might be my companion by day, and return at night to her own home, which was at no great distance from my house. She looked so thin and so ill that I was almost tempted to make some arrangement with her, but as I intended leaving town occasionally, second thoughts showed me it was out of the question. Besides, I could not have borne to think that while she was with me, she would always be in agony to be with her husband—which, had I engaged her, would most naturally have followed. I told her so as kindly as possible, and, after making her take a glass of wine and some cake—which latter I saw her furtively convey to her pocket, for her sick husband, I supposed—she gave me her direction and took her departure. I afterwards went to see her, and her tale was sadly verified. But to proceed.

My next visitor was a most pert damsel, without any pretensions to being a lady, who informed me that her pa was dead, and as there were so many of them at home, her ma wanted her to do for herself. I had not much difficulty in dismissing her. And of the legions that followed, I cannot attempt a detailed description. By the afternoon I was thoroughly exhausted, and had made up my mind to see no more, when, just as it was getting dusk, my servant came up to the drawing-room and informed me that such a nice-looking young lady was in the dining-room; quite the nicest that had been yet.

"Ask her to come up stairs, then, Ellis; but do not admit any one else." I replied; and the next instant the drawing-room door was thrown open by Ellis, and "Miss Burke" announced.

She was dressed in mourning, and, even in the dim light, was, I could see, a pale-faced, rather handsome girl of apparently about four-and-twenty. Her height was over the average, but seemed greater from her extreme thinness, which struck me as almost startling.

"Good evening," she said, in a low and pleasant voice. "I am afraid I am very late; it was so kind of you to see me."

"It is late," I assented, "but that does no matter."

"Thank you," responded my visitor, "I came about your advertisement—I saw you wanted a companion, and I am anxious to get a situation of that kind."

"I have had so many applications today," I answered, for want of something better to say.

"Ah! I can quite fancy it," returned Miss Burke. "I fear I am too late."

"No," I replied; "I have seen no one yet to suit me."

"If you would only try me, I would do my utmost to please you," she said, almost pleadingly. "I have already been a companion, and I can give you references which may induce you to think of me;" and Miss Burke opened a small velvet bag, which, until then, I had not perceived, and placed in my hands a monogramed and coronetted letter, addressed to herself, purporting to come from a Lady Montacute, whose companion she had been for two years, and who expressed herself in the warmest terms, assuring Miss Burke whenever she returned from the Continent, whither she was just then going, that it would give her the greatest pleasure to answer any inquiries in her favor; in the meantime, Lady Montacute authorized her to make what use she chose of the letter now sent, ending by saying she was certain, wherever she went, that Miss Burke must be a favorite and an acquisition.

Then followed a letter from a Rev. Mr. White, from a remote rectory in Cumberland, stating that he had known Miss Emily Burke from her childhood, and could certify that she was not only desirable in all respects, but a most amiable and talented young lady, whose family were both well known and highly respected. Nothing could be more satisfactory; and after reading the letters carefully by the light of the fire, I turned my eyes toward my visitor, whom I found regarding me in the most eager manner imaginable.

"They are most kind letters," I said; "and as far as references go, I am sure I could not do better. Your duties would be very light—it is really only for the sake of companionship that I require any one, as I do everything for myself, but I have been very lonely since my husband went away."

"I can imagine it," responded Miss Burke, sympathizingly. "I should do my utmost to cheer you."

"You are very kind to say so," I answered. "Should we agree as to terms, when could you come?"

"To-morrow, if you will permit me," replied Miss Burke. "I am in lodgings, and the expense of them is so great, that I should be only too glad to give them up—I am very poor," she added, in a low tone.

I was sorry for the poor girl; and feeling I had been as prudent as possible in perusing her references, and trusting a good deal to her air of quiet respectability, I proceeded to state my terms, which were eagerly accepted. After a little conversation, all was settled, and my companion promised to make her apperance before luncheon on the following day. For the rest of that evening I was unusually meditative; I was pleased, and yet not pleased. She was not altogether my beau-ideal of a companion. Although ladylike, and with undeniable references, there was a certain awkwardness in her manner.

Her room was to be on the same floor with my own; and on the following morning I went in a short time before she arrived, to see that everything was ready for her. It was October, and the weather was chilly, so I desired that she should have a fire, as I fancied, coming from wretched lodgings, it might be a sort of welcome to her. At 1 o'clock she arrived, bringing with her a small black box as her sole luggage, which Ellis and the housemaid, between them, carried directly to her room, whither she followed them almost immediately, to take off her things. I accompanied her, and remained for a few minutes, telling her to join me in the drawing-room as soon as she could, lunch being ready.

She presently appeared, very much altered by the removal of her bonnet. She wore her hair in a crop fashion I detested; and her figure without her cloak was only redeemed from awkwardness by the well-made black dress, which had evidently been the work of a first-rate *modiste*. She wore no ornaments, except a plain gold ring on the little finger of the left hand, which I noticed was particularly large. I ceased to criticise her after we had been together for a little. She was so pleasant, so chatty, and yet so quiet withal, that ere evening came I had begun to congratulate myself on my own perspicacity in having engaged her, and was fully prepared to endorse Lady Montacute's opinion, that she was sure to be not only a favorite, but an acquisition.

A fortnight slipped quietly away, and in my weekly budget to my husband I gave most charming accounts of my companion, which our everyday intercourse daily tended fully to confirm. But about the third week, something I could not explain made me take a dislike to her. I had not been very well, and her kindness had been unremitting; consequently, I felt almost angry with myself for indulging in a feeling which I could not help acknowledging was both unreasonable and childish.

But it gained ground in spite of myself; and one night, as I was standing by the looking-glass in my bedroom, which is in the shadow, I caught sight of Miss Burke, who was leaning on the mantlepiece in the full light of the gas, which burned on either side of it, regarding me with a stealthy and searching glance, which I instantly observed, but had sufficient sense to take no notice of. The expression of her large black eyes haunted me for days, and caused me to say good night to her on the landing, and in addition, to lock my door, a precaution I had never before thought of taking.

One night shortly afterwards, I awoke, fancying I heard a movement outside my door. My room was perfectly dark, and I was convinced some noise had suddenly awakened me. I listened intently, almost too terrified to breathe until I heard most distinctly the handle of my door cautiously turned. An almost deathlike horror seized me, and for an instant I was absolutely rigid with terror; but the spell was broken by another audible effort to open the door, and the hall clock striking three, which made me spring up in bed, seize the matches, and, with trembling fingers, attempt two or three times to strike a light. At last I was successful, and the welcome blaze of the gas which I lit gave me courage to call out boldly: "Who is there?" But no answer came. I pulled my bell vigorously, and in a few minutes I heard steps approaching, and Ellis's welcome voice asked if I was ill.

"No, Ellis, not ill," I said, "but terrified," as I unlocked the door and admitted her. "Some one tried my door not five minutes ago."

"Tried your door, ma'ma? surely not!" ejaculated Ellis.

"Yes, Ellis; I am certain of it, and it has given me such a shock. I cannot be left alone again."

"What is the matter, dearest Mrs. Conyers?" exclaimed Miss Burke, who appeared in my room just as I had made the last remark to Ellis.

"I have been frightened," I answered; "but do not disturb yourself, Miss Burke; it was probably nothing."

"It could not have been anything, or I must have heard it," she said, half to me and half to Ellis.

"Pray, do not trouble yourself," I responded; "I am only sorry you got up at all."

She staid for a few minutes, but getting no encouragement to remain, returned to her own room, assuring me if she heard a sound she would be with me in a moment.

The instant she was safely gone, I turned to Ellis, desiring her in the first place to close and lock the door; and in the second, to prepare to remain with me until the morning; for I was so unhinged by the circumstance, trifling, though it was, that to be left to myself was out of the question.

Ellis had been with me ever since my marriage, now three years, and had been well known to my husband's family all her life, consequently, I felt I must trust her, so I said: "Ellis, I have my own suspicions; but we must do nothing until we are sure. Meanwhile, you must have a bed made up in this room, and we must watch."——

"Miss Burke?" whispered Ellis.

"Yes, I replied. "It was she who tried my door."

"Well, ma'am," confided Ellis, "I have been downright afraid of her this sometime back—civil spoken though she is. But what could she want at your door?"

"That I do not know; but we must find out."

By dint of a blanket off my bed, and sundry shawls, Ellis was made comfortable for the rest of the night on the sofa, and I returned to bed, not to sleep, for I was thoroughly upset, but to lie and wonder how I was ever to get through the ten months that still remained of my husband's absence.

Tired and unnerved, I met Miss Burke at breakfast, and we spent our morning in a very silent fashion. I wrote to my husband whilst she walked restlessly about the drawing-room, constantly asking me how I was, an inquiry for which I did not feel so grateful as I might have done under other circumstances. Lunch came, and afterwards Miss Burke, who was usually most unwilling to go out, asked me if I could spare her for the afternoon, as she wanted to go to see a sick friend.

"Certainly," I replied, glad to get rid of her. About four o'clock I laid down on the sofa, in the inner drawing-room, and must have fallen asleep, for I heard no one come into the room, but I awoke with the consciousness that some one was leaning over me with their face in close proximity to my own. I felt, rather than saw them; so close were they to me that their lips seemed almost touching my own, and as I sprang up I came in violent collision with—my companion.

"Miss Burke!" I exclaimed, indignantly, but I could say nothing more, for, after all, the crime of leaning over me was not of a deadly nature, though coupling it, as I instantly did, with my previous suspicions, I felt not only extremely angry, but considerably alarmed.

"I was afraid you were ill, dear Mrs. Conyers. I do hope I have not displeased you," she proceeded in a deprecating tone. "I did not mean to offend you."

"It is of no consequence," I answered, rising from the sofa; "but please do not do so again. I am nervous and easily startled."

The circumstance was then tacitly dismissed, and we got through the evening pretty fairly. I rather looked forward to a safe night, for I knew Ellis's bed was in readiness for her. I said good night a little earlier than usual to Miss Burke, but did not inform her that I had indited an epistle to her friend, the Rev. Mr. White, to ask for further particulars concerning her antecedents.

I heard her come up to her room, and when her door closed a feeling of compassion came over me, for I fancied I had unjustly suspected her, and been very cold in my manner, which she had evidently felt. Ellis came after I was in bed, and in a short time I had oral evidence that she was slumbering. It made me feel secure, at all events, though I was certain I should dream of all kinds of unearthly things if the snoring went on all night. Nothing happened to alarm us, and next morning, in a subdued and anxious voice, Miss Burke hoped that I had not been disturbed, and that Ellis had kept me from feeling nervous—this last remark very reproachfully.

About twelve o'clock, when we were sitting in the drawing room, Ellis came up and told me that a gentleman wanted to see me on business, but would not give his name. "Probably about some subscription," I observed; "perhaps I had better see what he wants."

Without a suspicion of what awaited me, I went down stairs, and on entering the dining-room, encountered a short and rather red-faced man, who, bowing profoundly, asked if I was Mrs. Conyers. On my replying in the affirmative, he continued:—"May I ask what establishment you have?"

I must have looked astonished, as he explained:

"I am a detective police officer, Madam, and my business here will, I am afraid, be an unpleasant one."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated; "in what way?"

"From information I have received, I believe you have a person under your roof who is wanted on a serious charge. I must ask your permission to summons every one in the house into this room. I have taken precautions to prevent any one leaving it, and if you will kindly accede to my request, I shall get over a painful duty as quickly as possible."

If my lips had been capable of utterance, the words they would have framed would have been "Miss Burke," but I said nothing. I merely rang the bell, which Ellis answered so promptly, I felt certain that she must have been behind the door, ready to protect me, in case of emergency.

"Summon my servants, Ellis," I said; "and, and—ask Miss Burke to come down stairs." It was almost like a dream to me, seeing my four domestics walk in; and then, suspecting nothing, came Miss Burke.

"Got you at last, sir!" said the detective, making an agile dart towards my companion.

"Not without some trouble," coolly responded his prisoner, whose courage was apparently quite equal to the occasion. In my wildest moments I had never dreamed of so desperate a *denouement*, and the discovery perfectly paralyzed me with horror. It was too dreadful to realize that I had harbored a wretch of a man in woman's clothing, not only in my house, but in the capacity of my companion! In less time than I can describe it, the detective and his prisoner had departed; it was quietly and quickly managed; and though a detailed account of it did appear in the papers, my name was, happily for me, not allowed to transpire publicly.

The pseudo Miss Burke turned out to be a notorious young man, or I may say lad, of the name of Browning, who, having embezzled large sums, as well as stolen a quantity of magnificent jewelry, had been unable, owing to the precautions taken to prevent his doing so, to leave London, or to dispose of his stolen property. Through the agency of a female friend, he had adopted his disguise, and my lucky advertisement had suggested to him the idea of insuring his own safety, should I be credulous enough to take him upon the recommendations, which, I need hardly say, had emanated from his own pen. Not only had he thought of his personal security, but that of the stolen goods, which, in the shape of diamonds and bank-notes, were found securely stowed away in the little black box, which I had thought contained the worldly possessions of my poverty-stricken companion. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to penal servitude for fourteen years.

My husband's return was hastened by the illness which the dreadful affair caused me. Since then, he and I have never been separated. However, should I ever be unvoidably left alone again, my past experience has decided me on one point—never to advertise, or to trust to written references, or the result may be—A Curious Companion.

Heart, Cross and Anchor.

"One more song, Carol, darling. A parting song that shall fill my heart with music that must endure for two years—two long, long years to be passed in India. No other's tones will touch an answering chord in my soul, and I feel almost selfish enough to wish that yours should not fall on other ears when I am gone. But this you must promise; this song you will not sing to any one. It shall be kept sacred to the memory of this hour."

"I will promise, Edgar. Neither this nor the 'Welcome Greeting' will I sing again until to you," answered Caroline.

The turning to the piano she began her song. Never had she sung so well. Her soul was in her tones, and when she ceased and turned to her lover he exclaimed:

"Beautiful! Beautiful! Do you know, my caroling darling, that you have a fortune of surer possession in your voice than all your father's wealth? But come, bid me good-bye with smiles, not tears. The time of going is very near. I must hasten."

She put forth her hand, he caught it and drew her to his bosom. As he released her, a bracelet caught in his button and broke. The little charms—cross, heart and anchor that were attached to it separated, the cross still hanging to the button, the others falling at Caroline's feet.

With a frightened look she pointed to the broken trinket and said: "O, Edgar, this is an omen of coming evil, I know. Your gift thus broken, and at such a time?"

"Nonsense! At your feet behold my heart and hope; and on my bosom lies our faith. Here put a piece of ribbon or something in this little cross, and I will wear it until we meet again."

"When shall that be?" asked Caroline, in a mournful voice.

"Still superstitious," Edgar said.

"I feel a presentiment, Edgar, that years will pass before we meet again, if ever. But here, take this cross; I will have faith. See, I have wrapped round it a piece of my hair. Now, whatever the future may bring, and wherever you may be, send this to me and I will come." Caroline said, her voice full of mournful tenderness.

"O Carol, pray do not talk so. You impress me with your gloom. Come, cheer up and own, too, that you are afraid to trust me in the constant society of Miss Erving; but you need have no fears about her. Even though I should think of her, she would not be apt to encourage her father's secretary when she can aspire to a higher position."

A look of reproach was Caroline's reply to Edgar's words. And when he again pressed her to his heart, in his final farewell, and left her, she felt as if it were forever.

Before two years had passed there came a great financial crisis, in which many of the wealthiest fell—Caroline Ainsworth's father among the first. When poverty was threatening, not for herself did she tremble, but for those dear ones, then aged and ill able to bear either the shock or its results. Then Edgar's words came back to her. She had a choice. Coldly, but cheerfully, hopefully she went to work. And then how eagerly she watched for the coming of Edgar's letter of sympathy, encouragement—ay, that, most of all, which should sustain her, his words of love. The letter came. O, the cold, cruel letter, which for a time swept faith, hope and almost reason from her mind and heart.

A little while only, and then she rose above the sorrow man had caused, and bravely went to work. Calmly she re-read his letter, asking to be released from his vows. Business still retaining him with Mr. Erving in India, he should not return to England at present, and, as of course, her plans for the future would engross her competely, she would agree with him it would be better, and no doubt also agreeable to her, to be free.

"You are free," were the only words Caroline wrote in reply.

A year spent in study, in Italy, and winning encouragement from the best masters, and then to try her power. Success followed and fame crowned her with laurels. She was acknowledged the prima donna of the age.

"Teach her to love, and then hers will be music divine. Power, passion, pathos she has all; but they had been acquired from great masters. The wanting power must be of herself, from her own soul," said the old connoisseurs.

Seven years had winged their flight since she had parted from Edgar Mansfield. She had heard nothing of him since about six months after her receipt of his letter. Then she was told he was coming home to marry Miss Erving.

But to continue. We now find her in Paris crowned with triumph. After a night of even more than usual *eclat*, she sat the next day, surrounded with tokens of her listeners' appreciation. Flowers rare and beautiful, jewels costly and antique, all around her. She pushed them impatiently aside, and her head sank into her hands. Her thoughts flew back to the time when she sang simple ballads, and looked for the words and look of admiration from one with more real gratification, than ever since she had from the crowned heads and nobles of the land.

"How I kept thinking last night of the 'Welcome Greeting!' My heart seemed filled with that. I have not thought of it since that night. I think if I had sung it there might have been found the wanting tone. They say I am cold—there is no love in my voice. Cold! Oh! can they not think there is a coldness more icy than that of unknown love? 'Tis when love has been given birth, known life, and then been killed, that it becomes so icy cold."

Thus Caroline Ainsworth communed with herself in the splendid boudoir of her suit of apartments.

Going to a jewel casket, she unlocked it, and drew forth the little golden heart and chor.

"Strange! strange that I should have felt the coming of his perfidy. I knew that night it would be so. I wonder where the little companion of these is?" she murmured. "What do I care for this life of continual excitement—this admiration of the millions? Nothing—nothing. All, all are gone now for whom I cared to be great. Edgar worse than dead. Would that I could think of him watching and waiting for my coming in the land where angels sing. Father gone, mother gone! I care for the praise of no one now. I sing to no one now. O, weary, weary life! I have only one joy—the remembrance of the comfort I gave them."

A knock at the door announced the coming of some one, and a foot man presented himself, and said, handing an envelope, "Mademoiselle, the bearer is waiting."

"O, I am tired of these baubles," she said as she pressed in her fingers the envelope, which contained an offering of some kind, she knew.

The pressure made the impression, not a ring, on the paper in which it was inclosed, but a cross. As Caroline's eye detected that she opened with an appearance of more interest the sealed paper, and the little golden cross, wrapped with her own hair, was in her hand.

"Your promise! Do you remember! The messenger will direct you," was written tremulously and irregularly; but she knew his hand had penned the lines.

"Bring the bearer immediately to me, Jean, and order my carriage. I shall be ready in fifteen minutes. Tell me, my good woman—the gentleman—is he ill?"

The woman could understand but little English; and Caroline, repeating her inquiry in French, learned that the woman had been sent by a gentleman who was ill, perhaps dying. Bidding the woman come with her, and directing the driver, Caroline entered the carriage. After a half an hour's drive, the carriage stopped before a lodging house in the Rue de Rivoli. The woman preceded Caroline in and up a long flight of stairs, until they reached a door opening which cautiously she stepped in an instant. Returning, she whispered, "Come in."

He was sleeping—the miserable wreck of the once handsome Edgar Mansfield. As Caroline bent over the wasted form, a great terror filled her heart—she had come too late!"

"Dead?" she groaned forth, looking from the pale features to the attendant, who answered, "No, no; sleeping!"

Bending over, gazing on the form of him once so proud and noble looking, then so worn, so wretched, Caroline's heart filled with pity. All the cruel past was forgiven. How could she feel resentment towards him lying so stricken before her?

The eagerness of her watching, the intense gaze must have aroused the sleeper. He slowly opened his eyes, and met hers.

"Ever true," he murmured—"to your promise," he added in a voice so low that Caroline had to stoop very low to catch the words.

The effect of the speaking seemed to exhaust him. Looking into his eyes, still so beautifully bright, raised to hers with a look so eager, so appealing, Caroline's own grew dim, and tears fell unrestrained on the wasted hand she clasped in hers.

The woman drew near, and holding toward him a glass of wine, saying that it would make him stronger.

Caroline gently raised his head as the woman held it to his lips. Such a grateful look met her eye! She thought, "O, why is he here alone! Where is she whose gentle hand should minister here?"

"I would not have sent for you if I had been equal with you in any way. But now, when you are so far above me, you can stoop, at least, to pity. I am dying, you see. I could not resist the constant longing to see you once more—once more to hear your voice. Can you forget the past long enough to sing me one song?"

She said: "You must feel I do forgive, and will forget all that you would fain have me."

She sang the song that had trembled on her lips the night before, and filled her heart ever since. Then burst forth the "Welcome Greeting."

A smile, wan but very sweet, came over his pale face, and rested there until she had finished her song. He seemed to grow much stronger and inclined to talk. Seeing this, "How is it you are here alone in Paris? Where are your friends—your—" Wife she would have said, but the word died on her lips. She could not utter that, and continued, "Tell me something of yourself?"

"I will, I will—all," he answered. "When I wrote you that cruel letter—"

"Hush!" Caroline said. "I would hear of your later life.',

"I must," he answered, "I must. Then for a period, I was possessed of a spirit of evil. I was flattered by the kindness of Miss Erving. I believed I could win her; and with her wealth and high position, I thought I did or could love her, and forget you. You soon knew I could not, and would have given everything I possessed to recall that letter. I almost made up my mind to write again and sue for what I had resigned. When your reply came, then I determined to return home, and seek you, and try to gain forgiveness and a return of confidence. On my arrival, you had left. And after, when success and fame came so quickly to you, I dared not seek you."

"Resigning my position as Mr. Erving's secretary, I engaged in business as a merchant, which I had always believed my friend and an honest man. I trusted everything to him. My heart was not in my work. I was dissatisfied with myself, and everything I engaged in was doomed to failure. My partner robbed me, and finally went off with all the money he could obtain. With the little left, a few pounds, I followed him here. Many weeks ago I was seized with the fever, from which I have never recovered, and now I have but little hope I ever shall. But this kind woman I should have suffered much. Last night I thought I was dying, or I should not have sent for you this morning."

He ceased, tired, and fainting almost, from the exertion of so much speaking. Again the kind attendant came with the wine; and after it had been administered, Caroline motioned the woman into an adjoining room, and questioning her closely, learned that he was entirely without money. The little he had was consumed in obtaining the most necessary medicines and wines. Returning to the bedside, she stood, her heart overflowing with joy. She knew then her place had not been given to another.

Could the admiring hundreds who gazed on her the night before have seen her then, they would have found all they thought wanting. The look, the tone, the feeling, that so many had sought in vain were there. She bent over and whispered to the sufferer: "Edgar, will you live?"

A new light flashed in his eyes, and gazing eagerly into her's, he whispered, "Live for what?"

"Look into my eyes, Edgar, and see!" she murmured, a beautiful flush tinging her fair face.

He could not mistake, for plainly her eyes answered his cry.

"Live for and love me," they said.

"No, no! you cannot mean it! You so high and I so crushed. You shall not stoop so low, my queen. Even in my dreams I am not so wild."

"Edgar, I only stoop to lay my heart for you to raise it to light and life. Look back. See me not as a multitude, their favorite for the time; see only the simple, loving girl of the past. Know not the prima donna. Know alone the trusting woman, who willingly will resign the admiration of the world for the love and admiration of one true heart."

Thus she came down from the height of her greatness to the true loving woman.

When next she sang, all her hearers acknowledged the newly gained power. There was no longer a wanting tone. A few weeks after, all Paris was surprised, and many of her noble sons indignant that their "Queen of Song" should have wedded a man entirely unknown to the world. But what cared she? He was more than all the world to her.

An Obliging Hotel Guest.

The other evening a kind-looking old man was escorted to a room on the third floor of a hotel to pass the night, and it wasn't five minutes before the bell indicated that he wanted to see a waiter. A colored boy ran up, stuck his head into the room and asked what was wanted. The old man said he didn't want anything, but the waiter was hardly down stairs before the bell rang again.

"Did you want suffin?" inquired he as he reached the room again.

"Nothing!" replied the old man as he opened the door.

In about two minutes his bell rang again and this time the waiter exclaimed:

"If you don't want nuffin' what are ye pullin' de bell fur?"

"I want to oblige the waiter," replied the old man.

"De waitah! Oblige the waitah?"

"Yes; it says here, 'Please ring the bell for the waiter,' and if he wants it rung I'm willing to oblige him, though I'm tired and sleepy, and shan't pull it more'n four times more unless I know some of his family are sick!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Lady's Swimming Feat.

The London Standard gives a very interesting account of a swimming feat, performed near London, on Wednesday, September first:

A young girl named Agnes Alice Beckwith, daughter of the professor of swimming at Lambeth Baths, accomplished the difficult feat of swimming from London Bridge to Greenwich. The distance is rather more than five miles, and the time was remarkably fast—namely, 1h. 7m. 45s. Mr. Beckwith has been connected with the Lambeth Baths for nearly a quarter of a century, and for fourteen years held the proud position of champion swimmer of England. The heroine is but fourteen years old, of slim make and diminutive statue. The object was to decide a wager of £60 to £40 laid against her by Mr. Baylis.

The event created a great deal of excitement, and all along the route the progress of the swimmer was watched by excited crowds on the wharves and barges. In addition to the London Steamboat Company's Volunteer, a private steam launch, and a rowing boat containing her father the referee and some half dozen others immediately interested in the result, a large swarm of boats accompanied—and indeed impeded—the swimmer the entire distance. London Bridge was crowded, as were the vessels and other points whence a view of the start could be obtained.

Miss Beckwith dived from the rowing boat at nine minutes of five, and at once commenced a rapid side stroke, which she maintained to the finish. She was attired in a swimming costume of light rose pink llama, trimmed with white braid and lace of the same color. The water was very smooth, and the tide running about three miles per hour. Swimming about a couple of yards in the rear of the referee's boat, Tunnel Pier was reached at 11 minutes past five. At Horseferry Dock (5.22) a salute was fired, and the swimmer was encouraged with lusty cheers. The Commercial Dock was quickly left behind, and soon after the Hilda, on her return from Margate, crowded with excursionists, passed the flotilla.—Passing Millwall Miss Beckwith crossed to the north side and took advantage of the strong tide. At this point she was met by the saloon steamer, Victoria, whose passengers were vociferous in their applause. The Foreign Cattle Market at Deptford was breasted at twelve minutes to six, and, as Greenwich Hospital appeared in sight, the intelligence was conveyed to the swimmer by repeated cheers, a salute being also fired from the Unicorn. The pier at Greenwich and the grounds of the ship were crowded with people who cheered to the echo when the spirited strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes" announced the success of the attempt. Miss Beckwith swam some distance beyond the pier, and was taken on board at 5h. 58m. 45s., having accomplished the distance stated above, in 1h. 7m. 45s.

She seemed almost as fresh as when she started, and to all appearance was capable of going further. It is worthy of mention that this was Miss Beckwith's first essay of the sort, if we except a trial trip on Monday from Battersea to Westminster. Her nearest approach to the present feat was a swim of two and a half miles in the Lambeth Baths in three-quarters of an hour.

She was an Author and a Canvasser.

She stole softly into the sanctum, and with a winning glance handed the city editor her first book, remarking that she would write another and better one as soon as she had sold out this edition. It had been compared to "Mark Twain's Innocents Abroad;" but "do I look like an innocent?" she inquired, with a fascinating smile. The city colaborateur reckoned she did not. Then she remarked that editors in California were so good as the Danbury News Man's Book, but I think it's better. Don't you?" with another fascinating smile. The city editor said "Yes, it's shorter." It was only four bits, and the poetry at the end "Owed to a hash house," was said to be worth double the money; and then she moved her chair closer to the young man, and smiled another of those angelic smiles. She did not come for puffs, but if there was anything in the book worth reproducing the Herald was welcome to it; and then she always showed her book to editors, because they needed it in their business, and besides paying for it, they always gave her a notice which helped to sell books to others. She said she was widow of sixteen years; the journalistic functionary said he would not believe her. He thought she was a darling little creature of eighteen summers, or somethereabouts. She said "You old enough to be my mother." He said he didn't know about such things, but he was an orphan and she might be his mother if she wanted to. She said she looked like Tennie Claffin, and the city editor took her little hand in his and murmured, "You do, you do." But she said she wasn't Tennie. The young man gazed affectionately into her soft expressive eyes, and whispered mournfully, "You're not, no you're not Tennie Claflin."

She had just begun to open her shortrange howitzer of talk, preparatory to a regular siege, when the young man said, "Hold, my dear. Don't do it. I'm young and tender. I'm a long way from home, with no father to protect me, nor mother to smooth the wrinkles in my pillow case, and besides the summer is here, the fruit is ripe, and I'm weak—a poor weak boy." Then he shelled out the object of her visit; he cheerfully passed over that 50 cent stamp, and smiled serenely in the half open countenance before him. But it had started, and she couldn't check it suddenly without incurring the danger of an explosion. She said she had married young, and was soon left an unprotected widow. Her friends told her that she had talent; she knew she had talents, among which was that of bookmaking; and—selling too, madame," the young Faberist replied. She commenced again, and the young man, looking aghast, said, "Yes, that's an excellent book. I'll take another. How many have you got. I'll take—" but she had hitched up her pinned-back skirts and departed for fresh fields and conquests. The book has been deposited in a choice niche of our library.—*Salt Lake Herald.*

Benefit of Pain.

Life would be a series of disasters, without the warning voice of pain. Infancy would be maimed or perish before experience could inform it of its danger. Lord Kaimes advised parents to cut the fingers of their children "cunningly" with a knife, that the little innocents might associate suffering with the glittering blade before they could do themselves a worse injury; but if no smart accompanied the wound, they would cut up their own fingers with the same glee that they cut up a stick, and burn them in a candle with the same thought that they burn a piece of paper in the fire. Without pain we could not proportion our actions to the strength of our frames, or our exertions to its powers of endurance. In the impetuosity of youth, we should strike blows that would crush our hands and break our arms; we should take leaps that would dislocate our limbs, and, no longer taught by fatigue that the muscles needed repose, we should continue our sports and our walking hours till we had worn out the living tissues with the same unconsciousness that we now wear out our coat and shoes. The very nutriment which is the support of life would frequently prove our death.—Mirabeau said of a man, who was as idle as he was corpulent, that his only use was to show how far the skin would stretch without bursting. Without pain, this limit would be constantly exceeded, and epicures, experiencing no uneasy sensations, would continue their festivities until they met with the fate of the frog in the fable, who was ambitious of emulating the size of the ox. An eminent physician mentions the case of a gentleman who had lost the sense of heat in his right hand, and who, unconscious that the cover of a pan which had fallen into the fire was burning hot, took it out and deliberately returned it to its proper place, to the destruction of the skin of the palm and fingers. This of itself would be an accident of incessant occurrence if the monitor were wanting which makes us drop such things quicker than we pick them up. Pain is a grand preserver of existence; the sleepless sentinel that watches over us.

Progress of Flying Machinery.

A new steering balloon, by Smitter, is being exhibited, suspended in the middle of the Alcazar, in Paris. The measurement is only 6000 cubic feet, but the balloon is so light that, when filled with pure hydrogen, it must float. A considerable sum of money has been invested in it, and great ability has been displayed in the construction. Although no practicable result in open air may be hoped for, it is a wonderful piece of clock work. In connection with this subject, it is stated that, for several months past, a firm of engineers have been experimenting privately at the Crystal Palace with an aerial steamer of a novel and promising character, weighing 100 pounds. Experiments are stated to have proved the capability of two vertical screws, each 12 feet in diameter, to raise a weight of 120 pounds; the steam engine, with water and fuel, forming a part of the weight so raised to the extent of 70 pounds. The power exerted by it is equal to two and a half horses. The communication of motion is given by a vertical axis emanating from the car.—*London Times*

Young Folks' Column.

Sweet, Sweet, O Sweet.

Over my shaded doorway
Two little brown-winged birds
Have chosen to fashion their dwelling,
And utter their loving words;
All day they are going and coming
On errands frequent and fleet,
And warbling over and over,
"Sweet, sweet, sweet, O, sweet!"

Their necks are changeful and shining,
Their eyes are like living gems;
All day long they are busy
Gathering straws and stems,
Lint, and feathers, and grasses,
And half forgetting to eat,
Yet never failing to warble,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O, sweet!"

I scatter crumbs on the doorstep,
And fling them some flossy threads;
They fearlessly gather my bounty,
And turn up their graceful heads,
And chatter, and dance, and flutter,
And scrape with their tiny feet,
Telling me over and over
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O, sweet!"

What if the sky is clouded?
What if the rain comes down?
They are all dressed to meet it,
In waterproof suits of brown.
They never mope nor languish,
Nor murmur at storm or heat,
But say, whatever the weather,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O, sweet!"

Always merry and busy,
Dear little brow-winged birds!
Teach me the happy magic
Hidden in those soft words,
Which always in shine or shadow,
So lovingly you repeat,
Over and over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O, sweet!"

—*Youths' Companion.*

A Noble Life.

On the 9th of May, 1871, they celebrated at Nancy, given up to the Prussians, the obsequies of a young girl. The whole town followed the modest coffin, draped in white and covered with flowers; fifty French soldiers, hardly recovered from their wounds, formed part of the procession, walking amid the women and children.

This coffin contained the body of Marie Edmee Pau, a young girl little known during her short life, but upon whose remains there rests a tardy ray of glory, for she seemed to be a true representative of her proud and gentle Province of Lorraine. Her story is short but very interesting.

Marie Edmee Pau was the daughter of a superior officer who returned wounded